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Bohemian Days *in* San Francisco

By Bret Harte

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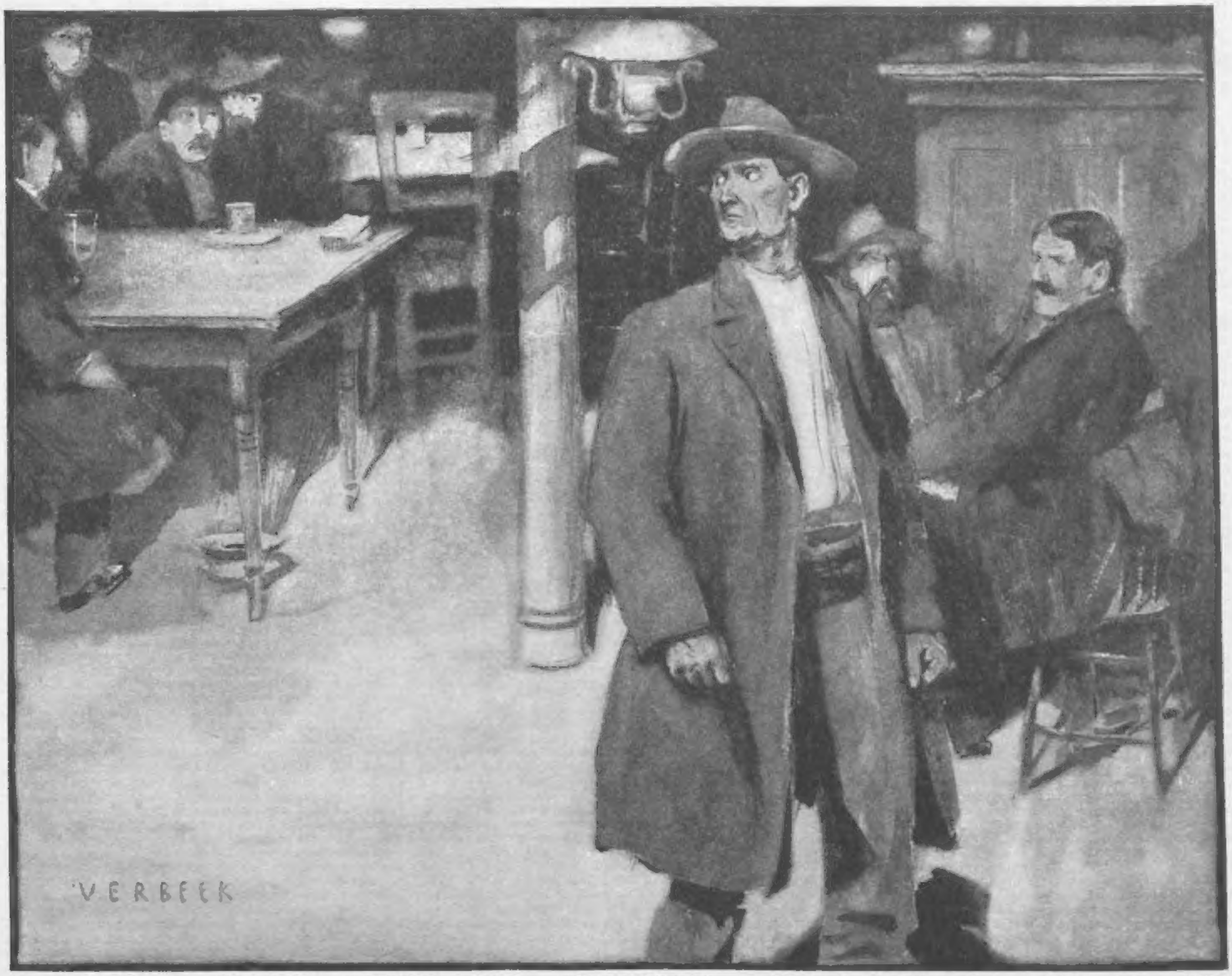

HE CAST A GLANCE AROUND THE RESTAURANT AND NODDED TO ONE OR TWO

Bohemian Days *in* San Francisco

By Bret Harte

IT IS but just to the respectable memory of San Francisco that in these vagrant recollections I should deprecate at once any suggestion that the levity of my title described its dominant tone at any period of my early experiences. On the contrary, it was a singular fact that while the rest of California was swayed by an easy, careless, unconventionalism or swept over by waves of emotion and sentiment, San Francisco preserved an intensely material and practical attitude, and even a certain austere morality. I do not, of course, allude to the brief days of '49, when it was a straggling beach of huts and stranded hulks, but to the earlier stages of its development into the metropolis of California. Its first tottering steps in that direction were marked by a distinct gravity and decorum. Even during the period when the revolver settled small private difficulties, and Vigilance Committees adjudicated larger public ones, an unmistakable seriousness and respectability was the ruling sign of its governing class. It was not improbable that under the reign of the committee the lawless and vicious class were more appalled by the moral spectacle of several thousand black-coated, serious-minded business men in embattled procession than by mere force of arms, and one "suspect"—a prize-fighter—is known to have committed suicide in his cell after confrontation with his grave and passionless shopkeeping judges. Even that peculiar quality of Californian humor which was apt to mitigate the extravagances of the revolver and the uncertainties of poker had no place in the decorous and responsible utterance of San Francisco. The press was sober, materialistic, practical—when it was not severely admonitory of existing evil; the few smaller papers that indulged in levity were considered libelous and improper. Fancy was displaced by heavy articles on the revenues of the State and inducements to the investment of capital. Local news was under an implied censorship which suppressed anything that might tend to discourage timid or cautious capital. Episodes of romantic lawlessness or pathetic incidents of mining life were carefully edited—with the comment that these things belonged to the past, and that life and property were now "as safe in San Francisco as in New York or London."

Wonder-loving visitors in quest of scenes characteristic of the civilization were coldly snubbed with this assurance. Fires, floods, and even seismic convulsions, were subjected to a like grimly materialistic optimism. I have a vivid recollection of a ponderous editorial on one of the severer earthquakes, in which it was asserted that only the *unexpectedness* of the onset prevented San Francisco from meeting it in a way that would be deterrent of all future attacks. The unconsciousness of the humor was only equaled by the gravity with which it was received by the whole business community. Strangely enough, this grave materialism flourished side by side with—and was even sustained by—a narrow religious strictness more characteristic of the Pilgrim Fathers of a past century than the Western pioneers of the present. San Francisco was early a city of churches and church organizations to which the leading men and merchants belonged. The lax Sundays of the dying Spanish race seemed only to provoke a revival of the rigors of the Puritan Sabbath. With the Spaniard and his Sunday afternoon bull-fight scarcely an hour distant, the San Francisco pulpit thundered against Sunday picnics. One of the popular preachers, declaiming upon the practice of Sunday dinner-giving, averred that when he saw a guest in his best Sunday clothes standing shamelessly upon the doorstep of his host, he felt like seizing him by the shoulder and dragging him from that threshold of perdition.

Against the actual heathen the feeling was even stronger, and reached its climax one Sunday when a Chinaman was stoned to death by a crowd of children returning from Sunday-school. I am offering these examples with no ethical purpose, but merely to indicate a singular contradictory condition, which I do not think writers of early Californian history have fairly recorded. It is not my province to suggest any theory for these appalling exceptions to the usual good-humored lawlessness and extravagance of the rest of the State. They may have been essential agencies to the growth and evolution of the city. They were undoubtedly sincere. The impressions I propose to give of certain scenes and incidents of my early experience must therefore be taken as purely personal and Bohemian, and their selection as equally individual and vagrant. I am writing of what interested me at the time, though not perhaps of what was more generally characteristic of San Francisco.

I had been there a week—an idle week, spent in listless outlook for employment; a full week in my eager absorption of the strange life around me and a photographic sensitiveness to certain scenes and incidents of these days, which start out of my memory to-day as freshly as the day they impressed me.

One of these recollections is of "steamer night," as it was called—the night of "steamer day"—preceding the departure of the mail steamship with the mails for "home." Indeed, at that time San Francisco may be said to have lived from steamer day to steamer day; bills were made due on that day, interest computed to that period, and accounts settled. The next day was the turning of a new leaf: another essay to fortune, another inspiration of energy. So recognized was the fact that even ordinary changes of condition, social and domestic, were put aside until *after* steamer day. "I'll see what I can do after next steamer day" was the common cautious or hopeful formula. It was the "Saturday night" of many a wage-earner—and to him a night of festivity. The thoroughfares were animated and crowded; the saloons and theatres full. I can recall myself at such times wandering along the City Front, as the business part of San Francisco was then known. Here the lights were burning all night, the first streaks of dawn finding the merchants still at their counting-house desks. I remember the dim lines of warehouses lining the insecure wharves of rotten piles, half filled in—that had ceased to be wharves but had not yet become streets—their treacherous yawning depths, with the uncertain gleam of tarlike mud below, at times still vocal with the lap and gurgle of the tide. I remember the weird stories of disappearing men found afterward imbedded in the ooze in which they had fallen and gasped their life away. I remember the two or three ships, still left standing where they were beached a year or two before, built in between warehouses, their bows projecting into the roadway. There was the dignity of the sea and its boundless freedom in their beautiful curves which the abutting houses could not destroy, and even something of the sea's loneliness in the far-spaced ports and cabin windows lit up by the lamps of the prosaic landsmen who plied their trades behind them. One of these ships transformed into a hotel retained its name, "The Niantic," and part of its characteristic interior unchanged. I remember these ships' old tenants—the rats—who had increased and multiplied to such an extent that at night they fearlessly crossed the wayfarer's path at every turn, and even invaded the gilded saloons of Montgomery Street. In the Niantic their pitapat was met on every staircase, and it was said that sometimes in an excess of sociability they accompanied the traveler to his room. In the early "cloth-and-papered" houses—so called because the ceilings were not plastered, but simply covered by stretched and whitewashed cloth—their scamperings were plainly indicated in zigzag movements of the sagging cloth, or they became actually visible by finally dropping through the holes they had worn in it! I remember the house whose foundations were made of boxes of plug tobacco—part of a jettisoned cargo—used instead of more expensive lumber; and the adjacent warehouse where the trunks of the early and forgotten "Forty-niners" were stored, and—never claimed by their dead or missing owners—were finally sold at auction. I remember the strong breath of the sea over all, and the constant onset of the trade winds which helped to disinfect the deposit of dirt and grime, decay and wreckage which were stirred up in the later evolutions of the city.

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

"Cleaned out?"
"You bet!"

Or I recall, with the same sense of youthful satisfaction and unabated wonder, my wanderings through the Spanish Quarter, where three centuries of quaint customs, speech and dress were still preserved; where the proverbs of Sancho Panza were still spoken in the language of Cervantes, and the high-flown illusions of the La Manchian knight still a part of the Spanish Californian hidalgo's dream. I recall the more modern "Greaser," or Mexican—his index finger steeped in cigarette stains; his velvet jacket and his crimson sash; the many-flounced skirt and lace manta of his women, and their caressing intonations—the one musical utterance of the whole hard-voiced city. I suppose I had a boy's digestion and bluntness of taste in those days, for the combined odor of tobacco, burned paper and garlic which marked that melodious breath did not affect me.

Perhaps from my Puritan training I experienced a more fearful joy in the gambling saloons. They were the largest and most comfortable, even as they were the most expensively decorated rooms in San Francisco. Here, again, the gravity and decorum which I have already alluded to were present at that earlier period—though perhaps from concentration of another kind. People staked and lost their last dollar with a calm solemnity and a resignation that was almost Christian. The oaths, exclamations and feverish interruptions which often characterized more dignified assemblies were absent here. There was no room for the lesser vices; there was little or no drunkenness; the gaudily dressed and painted women who presided over the wheels of fortune or performed on the harp and piano attracted no attention from those ascetic players. The man who had won ten thousand dollars and the man who had lost everything rose from the table with equal silence and imperturbability. *I* never witnessed any tragic sequel to those losses; *I* never heard of any suicide on account of them. Neither can I recall any quarrel or murder directly attributable to this kind of gambling. It must be remembered that these public games were chiefly *rouge et noir*, monté, faro, or roulette, in which the antagonist was Fate, Chance, Method, or the impersonal "bank" which was supposed to represent them all; there was no individual opposition or rivalry; nobody challenged the decision of the "croupier," or dealer.

I remember a conversation at the door of one saloon which was as characteristic for its brevity as it was a type of the prevailing stoicism. "Hello!" said a departing miner, as he recognized a brother miner coming in, "when did you come down?" "This morning," was the reply. "Made a strike on the bar?" suggested the first speaker. "You bet!" said the other, and passed in. I chanced an hour later to be at the same place as they met again—their relative positions changed. "Hello! Whar now?" said the incomer. "Back to the bar." "Cleaned out?" "You bet!" Not a word more explained a common situation.

My first youthful experience at those tables was an accidental one. I was watching roulette one evening, intensely absorbed in the mere movement of the players. Either they were so preoccupied with the game, or I was really older looking than my actual years, but a bystander laid his hand familiarly on my shoulder, and said, as to an ordinary *habitué*, "Ef you're not chippin' in yourself, pardner, 'spose you give *me* a show." Now, I honestly believe that up to that moment I had no intention, nor even a desire, to try my own fortune. But in the embarrassment of the sudden address I put my hand in my pocket, drew out a coin, and laid it, with an attempt at carelessness, but a vivid consciousness that I was blushing, upon a vacant number. To my horror I saw that I had put down a large coin—the bulk of my possessions! I did not flinch, however; I think any boy who reads this will understand my feeling; it was not only my coin but my manhood at stake! I gazed with a miserable show of indifference at the players, at the chandelier—anywhere but at the dreadful ball spinning around the wheel. There was a pause; the game was declared, the rake rattled up and down, but still I did not look at the table. Indeed, in my inexperience of the game and my embarrassment I doubt if I should have known if I had

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Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on Bohemian Days in San Francisco. The second will appear in the next issue.

won or not. I had made up my mind that I should lose, but I must do so like a man, and, above all, without giving the least suspicion that I was a greenhorn. I even affected to be listening to the music. The wheel spun again; the game was declared, the rake was busy, but I did not move. At last the man I had displaced touched me on the arm and whispered, "Better make a straddle and divide your stake this time." I did not understand him, but as I saw he was looking at the board, I was obliged to look, too. I drew back dazed and bewildered! Where my coin had lain a moment before was a glittering heap of gold.

My stake had doubled, quadrupled, and doubled again. I did not know how much then—I do not know now—it may have been not more than three or four hundred dollars—but it dazzled and frightened me. "Make your game, gentlemen," said the croupier monotonously. I thought he looked at me—indeed, everybody seemed to be looking at me—and my companion repeated his warning. But here I must again appeal to the boyish reader in defense of my idiotic obstinacy. To have taken advice would have shown my youth. I shook my head—I could not trust my voice. I smiled, but with a sinking heart, and let my stake remain. The ball again sped around the wheel and stopped. There was a pause. The croupier indolently advanced his rake and swept my whole pile with others into the bank! I had lost it all. Perhaps it may be difficult for me to explain why I actually felt relieved, and even to some extent triumphant, but I seemed to have asserted my grown-up independence—possibly at the cost of reducing the number of my meals for days, but what of that! I was a man! I wish I could say that it was a lesson to me. I am afraid it was not. It was true that I did not gamble again, but then I had no especial desire to—and there was no temptation. I am afraid it was an incident without a moral. Yet it had one touch characteristic of the period which I like to remember. The man who had spoken to me I think suddenly realized at the moment of my disastrous *coup* the fact of my extreme youth. He moved toward the banker, and leaning over him whispered a few words. The banker looked up, half impatiently, half kindly—his hand straying tentatively toward the pile of coin. I instinctively knew what he meant, and summoning my determination, met his eyes with all the indifference I could assume, and walked away.

I had at that period a small room at the top of a house owned by a distant relation—a second or third cousin, I think. He was a man of independent and original character, had a Ulyssean experience of men and cities, and an old English name of which he was proud. While in London he had procured from the Herald's College his family arms whose crest was stamped upon a quantity of plate he had brought with him to California. The plate, together with an exceptionally good cook which he had also brought, and his own epicurean tastes, he utilized in the usual practical Californian fashion by starting a rather expensive half-club, half-restaurant in the lower part of the building—which he ruled somewhat autocratically, as became his crest! The restaurant was too expensive for me to patronize, but I saw many of its frequenters as well as those who had rooms at the club. They were men of very distinct personality; a few celebrated, and nearly all notorious. They represented a Bohemianism—if such it could be called—less innocent than my later experiences, I remember, however, one handsome young fellow whom I used to meet occasionally on the staircase, who captured my youthful fancy. I met him only at midday, as he did not rise till late, and this fact, with a certain scrupulous elegance and neatness in his dress, ought to have made me suspect he was a gambler. In my inexperience it only invested him with a certain romantic mystery.

One morning as I was going out to my very early breakfast at a cheap Italian café on Long Wharf I was surprised to find him also descending the staircase. He was scrupulously dressed even at that early hour, but I was struck by the fact that he was all in black, and his slight figure, buttoned to the throat in a tightly fitting frock-coat, gave, I fancied, a singular melancholy to his pale Southern face. Nevertheless, he greeted me with more than his usual serene cordiality, and I remembered that he looked up with a half-puzzled, half-amused expression at the rosy morning sky as he walked a few steps with me down the deserted street. I could not help saying that I was astonished to see him up so early, and he admitted that it was a break in his usual habits, but added with a smiling significance I afterward remembered that it was "an even chance if he did it again." As we neared the street corner a man in a buggy drove up impatiently. In spite of the driver's evident haste, my handsome acquaintance got in leisurely, and lifting his glossy hat to me with a pleasant smile, was driven away. I have a very lasting recollection of his face and figure as the buggy disappeared down the empty street. I never saw him again. It was not until a week later that I knew that an hour after he left me that morning he was lying dead in a little hollow behind the Mission Dolores—shot through the heart in the duel for which he had risen so early.

I recall another incident of that period equally characteristic, but happily less tragic in sequel. I was in the restaurant one morning talking to my cousin when a man entered hastily and said something to him in a hurried whisper. My cousin contracted his eyebrows and uttered a suppressed oath. Then with a gesture of warning to the man he crossed the room quietly to a table where a regular *habitué* of the restaurant was lazily finishing his breakfast. A large silver coffee-pot with a stiff wooden handle stood on the table before him. My cousin leaned over the guest familiarly, and apparently made some hospitable inquiry as to his wants, with his hand resting lightly on the coffee-pot handle. Then—possibly because my curiosity having been excited I was watching him more intently than the others—*I* saw what probably no one else saw—that he deliberately upset the coffee-pot and its contents over the guest's shirt and waistcoat. As the victim sprang up with an exclamation, my cousin overwhelmed him with apologies for his carelessness, and with protestations of sorrow for the accident actually insisted upon

He said "it was an even chance if he did it again"

dragging the man upstairs into his own private room, where he furnished him with a shirt and waistcoat of his own. The side door had scarcely closed upon them, and I was still lost in wonder at what I had seen, when a man entered from the street. He was one of the desperate set I have already spoken of, and thoroughly well known to those present. He cast a glance around the room, nodded to one or two of the guests, and then walked to a side table and took up a newspaper. I was conscious at once that a singular constraint had come over the other guests—a nervous awkwardness that at last seemed to make itself known to the man himself, who, after an affected yawn or two, laid down the paper and walked out.

"That was a mighty close call," said one of the guests with a sigh of relief.

"You bet! And that coffee-pot spill was the luckiest kind of accident for Peters," returned another.

"For both," added the first speaker, "for Peters was armed, too, and would have seen him come in!"

A word or two more explained all. Peters and the last comer had quarreled a day or two before, and had separated with the intention to "shoot on sight"—that is, wherever they met—a form of duel common to those days. The accidental meeting in the restaurant would have been the occasion, with the usual sanguinary consequence, but for the word of warning given to my cousin by a passer-by who knew that Peters' antagonist was coming to the restaurant to look at the papers. Had my cousin repeated the warning to Peters himself he would have only prepared him for the conflict—which he would not have shirked—and so precipitated the affray.

The ruse of upsetting the coffee-pot, which everybody but myself thought an accident, was to get him out of the room before the other entered. I was too young then to venture to intrude upon my cousin's secrets, but two or three years afterward I taxed him with the trick and he admitted it regretfully. I believe that a strict interpretation of the "code" would have condemned his act as unsportsmanlike, if not *unfair!*

I recall another incident connected with the building equally characteristic of the period. The United States Branch Mint stood very near it, and its tall, factory-like chimneys overshadowed my cousin's roof. Some scandal had arisen from an alleged leakage of gold in the manipulation of that metal during the various processes of smelting and refining. One of the excuses offered was the volatilization of the precious metal and its escape through the draft of the tall chimneys. All San Francisco laughed at this explanation until it learned that a corroboration of the theory had been established by an assay of the dust and grime of the roofs in the vicinity of the Mint. These had yielded distinct traces of gold. San Francisco stopped laughing, and that portion of it which had roofs in the neighborhood at once began prospecting. Claims were staked out on these airy placers, and my cousin's roof being the very next one to the chimney, and presumably "in the lead," was disposed of to a speculative company for a considerable sum. I remember my cousin telling me the story—for the occurrence was quite recent—and taking me with him to the roof to explain it, but I am afraid I was more attracted by the mystery of the closely guarded building and the strangely tinted smoke which arose from this temple where money was actually being "made," than by anything else. Nor did I dream as I stood there—a very lanky, open-mouthed youth—that only three or four years later I should be the secretary of its superintendent. In my more adventurous ambition I am afraid I would have accepted the suggestion half-heartedly. Merely to have helped to stamp the gold which other people had adventurously found was by no means a part of my youthful dreams.

Odd Ways of Gaining a Living

A NEW YORK correspondent of a Boston journal gave an account some years ago of a novel mode of making a living hit upon by a young man at Albany. Having been employed some years at the capitol, and knowing a good deal about the doings in it, he made engagements with a number of large corporations, at salaries ranging each from $200 to $800 yearly, to keep them informed about what was going on there. This he did by sending to each a copy of every bill that was introduced into either House of the Legislature, and by giving them such private information as he could gather concerning any influences that were at work prejudicial to their interests. For all this labor he received about $2500 a year; a little handbook of the Legislature which he published annually yielded an equal sum.

"SPITE" HOUSES THAT PAID

But of all the abnormal ways of gaining a livelihood, that pursued some fifty years ago by a miserly, misanthropic wretch in a large town in the West of England is the most extraordinary. By profession a builder, he spent his time in watching the progress of building operations in the town and "posting" himself in all matters relating to land and houses. When he saw an elegant new house building he would, if possible, buy a small piece of land opposite to it, and there begin erecting a hideous-looking edifice of shingle and brick, with ugly chimneys, and having no resemblance to any other structure, except, perhaps, a dog-kennel. Fancy the feelings of a rich manufacturer on seeing his dream of a fairy palace thus dispelled by a crafty, cold-blooded old villain, deaf alike to entreaty, remonstrance and menace; cool, calculating, persistent, unmoved equally by the cries of "shame!" from the passers-by and by the scowls and frowns of the neighboring householders!

A week or two passes, and the victim of his wiles, writhing with vexation, proposes to buy the nuisance that perpetually stares him in the face; but a price so enormous is asked that he will not pay it. Finally he stops building his mansion for a while, and "Eyesore Jack"—for that was the nickname of this tormentor—follows suit. Delighted and encouraged by this, the gentleman goes on with his building, when instantly work on the dog-kennel is resumed. A hundred remedies chase each other through the man's brain, but in vain; one after another they are all dismissed as useless or impracticable. At last he is forced to yield and buy up the eyesore at many times its cost to its owner.

THE WATERLOO OF "EYESORE JACK"

The wretch continued to pursue his hateful calling for some years till he became very rich, but he found his Waterloo at last in a conflict with two builders who had erected in a genteel part of the suburbs a row of handsome houses. They were expecting to sell them at a considerable profit when one day they learned to their amazement that the old villain, Jack—the terrible Eyesore Jack—had obtained a long lease of a field opposite and designed immediately to begin a brick work on it. The men were nearly mad with vexation, but their whole fortune was at stake, and they determined to fight the wretch to the last extremity. Inducing another person who had been in treaty for a lease of the field before it was leased to Jack to bring an action for its recovery, they outwitted their foe. The villain, so long triumphant, was beaten in the suit, and ultimately lost all his ill-gotten gains and died in abject penury.

The ADMIRAL'S Ward

By Molly Elliot Seawell

VICE-ADMIRAL the Honorable Algernon Charles Harford, commanding Her Majesty's Ship Imperious, had the idiosyncrasy common to navy men. Modest concerning his professional acquirements, and singularly just in his estimate of his own powers and qualifications as a seaman, he had a preposterous confidence in himself regarding all shore affairs.

Your true navy man is the most unassuming man in the world in his own sea bailiwick; but put him ashore and there is nothing, from riding a broncho to raising cabbages at a profit, that he does not know more about—or thinks he does—than any landsman going. The more delicate and complicated the affair, the more breezy assurance a sailor-man has in his capacity to manage it. Therefore, when Admiral Harford was left guardian of the motherless child of his old friend and messmate, Captain Clavering, he had not a moment's doubt that he was perfectly well qualified and situated to care for that complex creature, a young girl. He was not daunted in the least by the facts that he was a bachelor of confirmed standing; that he had no experience in managing any petticoated creature; that he had never seen Henrietta Clavering; that he was on the China station, and likely to remain there at least two years; that her father had always represented her as a beautiful, willful young thing, not without great intelligence and a warm heart, but difficult to impress with a sense of responsibility, and prankish to the last degree.

The Admiral dismissed all thought of trouble with a wave of his hand. He would get her a good governess, give orders that the girl should be prudent, studious, avoid going in debt and falling in love—and that was all. The plan commended itself to him by its beauty as well as its simplicity. The Admiral did all these things with an infantile faith in their efficacy; and as he got good reports from his ward, concluded that bringing up a young girl by proxy was a plan as admirable as it was easy.

The Admiral was a good-hearted martinet, and he conceived a real affection for the ward he had never seen. He wrote her short but affectionate letters, and she replied with the properest little epistles imaginable, written under the eye of the governess, Miss Elderberry. These the Admiral took for the spontaneous outpourings of a youthful heart. However, he did get a spontaneous outpouring at last. It was almost two years after he had assumed charge of Henrietta that this letter came:

> "*My dear Guardian:* Before dear papa died he told me to open my heart to you whenever I was in perplexity. I have not had occasion to do this before, as Miss Elderberry is a good soul and has not troubled me much. Lately, however, she has been quite troublesome. You must know that for some time past I have been engaged to Lieutenant Roger Fonblanque. As we have no thought of being married until his cruise is up, we agreed to keep it secret. And as we had to be separated in any event, I was delighted when he was ordered to the Imperious last autumn. It seemed to me providential that Roger should serve under your eye, so you could see his many noble and exalted qualities.
>
> "But now comes the trouble. Miss Elderberry has found out that we correspond, and has forbidden me to write to Roger. Of course, neither of us *could live without each other's letters.* This you will admit. I warn you, therefore, that I consider I owe my first duty to Roger, and shall continue to write to him. If you, my dear guardian, would forward Roger's letters to me under cover of yours, it would be the best thing I can think of. Miss Elderberry is also quite annoying about another matter—she thinks my maid, Hodgson, too flighty in her dress and manners, and too presuming. This last is a trifle—it is only Roger that I am really concerned about. Of course, Miss Elderberry does not know that I am writing this. I look forward with so much pleasure to seeing you in a few months. Dear papa had so much confidence in your goodness to me that I have always felt toward you as a second father. "Your affectionate ward,
>
> "HENRIETTA CLAVERING.
>
> "Ivy Lodge, March 16."

The Admiral gnashed his teeth when he read this letter. Roger Fonblanque's noble and exalted qualities! Foh! A little curly headed sub-Lieutenant, who had been a regular pickle of a midshipman, and was little better than that now! Of course the fellow must have known who was Henrietta Clavering's guardian, and the ineffable impudence of the whole business—the Admiral rung his bell so furiously that the orderly fairly bounced into the cabin, thinking the Admiral must have smelt fire. He did really seem to exhale both fire and smoke as he bawled:

"Make my compliments to Lieutenant Fonblanque, and desire him to come to me immediately."

There was, of course, nothing for Lieutenant Fonblanque to do but to appear in the cabin and take the most awful wigging the Admiral could devise—and he was an accomplished man in that line. He commanded the young Lieutenant not only to cease from all correspondence with Henrietta Clavering, but to put her completely out of his mind, and not to dare to think of her, much less to speak her name. Young Fonblanque received all this very coolly, but declined to make any promises. This did not greatly disconcert Admiral Harford. If a flag officer could not secure obedience from a sub-Lieutenant and a nineteen-year-old girl, the sooner he hauled down his flag and retired to civil life the better, thought the Admiral. Naturally, the boy and girl would sulk over his commands—but that they would be actually disobeyed never entered Admiral Harford's head.

As might have been expected, during the remainder of the cruise the Imperious was made by Admiral Harford a floating purgatory for Lieutenant Fonblanque. Luckily for the youngster, the cruise was nearly up, and a few months after the young man's interview with the Admiral, on a beautiful August morning, the Imperious steamed into the harbor at Portsmouth, and her guns roared out "How d'ye do?" to the guns of the forts, which replied, "Quite well, thank you. How are you?"

Now, Ivy Lodge was only a few miles from Portsmouth, and the Admiral had promised himself an early interview with his ward, whom he really desired to see. But scarcely had the anchors kissed the ground when he received orders to report to the Admiralty, where a number of affairs awaited him, among others his promotion to the full grade of Admiral.

The Admiral set off for London in a very bad humor, determined to return in three days at most. The red tape of officialdom, however, detained him more than a week. In that time he wrote to Henrietta Clavering, asking her and Miss Elderberry to breakfast with him on the ship the following Sunday. Meeting at his club an old acquaintance, Captain Bosanquet, whose son, a young midshipman, had just been ordered to the Imperious, the Admiral sent an invitation to the young man to the same breakfast. Just as he had completed this arrangement, the card of Captain Laborde, an officer in the French Navy, was handed him, and the Admiral, finding the French Captain to be on his way to Portsmouth, asked him to be of the breakfast party.

The Admiral had fully counted on being at Portsmouth on the Saturday night, but what with unexpected delays and accidental interruptions, he did not reach the ship until the usual Sunday-morning inspection was in progress. As he stepped over the side he asked if Miss Elderberry and Miss Clavering had arrived, and was told they were at that moment in the great cabin.

This, however, was not an exact statement of the case. Miss Clavering was indeed below, but in place of Miss Elderberry, who found herself at the last moment too unwell to accompany her charge, was Hodgson, the maid. One look at this young woman was enough to justify all of Miss Elderberry's objections to her. Pretty in a common fashion, dressed above her station, inexpressibly pert and forward, Hodgson was a perfect type of the objectionable lady's-maid. A more undesirable attendant for a girl like Henrietta Clavering could not be imagined. For Henrietta was undoubtedly a little unruly, and her persistence in keeping Hodgson as maid showed it.

Miss Clavering was extremely pretty. She affected a mannish style of dress, with short curls all over her shapely head, and wore a man's collar and necktie with her dashing tailor-made jacket. She looked indeed more like a pretty boy than a pretty girl; and this likeness was increased when, picking up a midshipman's cap off the sofa in the Admiral's sleeping-cabin, she clapped it on her head, and turned, laughing, to her maid.

"La!" cried Hodgson, turning over some clothes that lay under the cap. "These ain't never the Admiral's clothes. They look more like they belonged to one of them little midshipmen boys I seen on deck just now." And Hodgson scampered out of the cabin, carrying the midshipman's trousers with her, to interview Stubbs, the Admiral's steward, with whom she had already established intimate relations.

"Them things on the Admiral's bed!" replied the steward, surprised; "'course they ain't his'n. That fool of a tailor as brought the Admiral's clothes home must 'a' left these 'ere by mistake. Well, they'll be called for soon, so just you put 'em back, young woman, and don't let nobody suspect you've been nosin' around the Admiral's room."

"All in good time," pertly replied Hodgson; and then, seeing two additional places laid at the table, she asked, "Who else is to breakfast besides my young lady?"

"A French Cap'n, and a young midshipman—jist jined—Mr. Bosanquet—was to breakfast, too, but a message come a while ago sayin' he couldn't be 'ere, havin' broke out with the measles. Howsomedever, the Admiral sent word there was to be five places put, and I'm goin' to put five places, s' help me, if nobody don't come."

Hodgson stood, considering this information. A scheme had entered her mischievous head, and she promptly proceeded to carry it out.

She returned to the inner cabin, and there, laughing at her own pretty reflection in the glass, stood Henrietta Clavering with the midshipman's cap on her curls and the natty jacket in place of her own.

"Oh, la!" screamed Hodgson, affecting an ecstasy of admiration, "how beautiful you do look!"

—"THE ADMIRAL WON'T BE 'ERE FOR 'ARF AN HOUR YET, MISS"

"I wish Roger could see me in this rig," replied Henrietta, smiling and pouting. "Of course he can't come near me to-day—the Admiral won't let him; but I wonder what the old codger would say" (this referred to Admiral Harford) "if he knew that Roger has seen me seven times this week! Poor Miss Elderberry! I believe that is what made her ill—the thought of having to tell my guardian about it."

Hodgson during this was fingering the trousers to the midshipman's suit, and holding them up.

"I'd love to see you in these, miss," she said insinuatingly. "Don't you remember the time you went to the Criterion Theatre, and saw all the ladies dressed as midshipmen in the opera—and came back and said you longed to see what sort of a midshipman you'd make?"

Henrietta looked dubiously at the trousers.

"Just for a minute—to see yourself in the glass," kept on Hodgson. "There's loads of time—the Admiral won't be

'ere for 'arf an hour yet, miss." And Henrietta Clavering, with the folly of youth, yielding to her own childish inclinations, slipped off her skirts and slipped on the trousers, and had the satisfaction of seeing herself in the glass as a full-fledged reefer.

She really meant to take the clothes off immediately, but Hodgson chattered so, and admired so extravagantly, that time passed. Sounds of cheering from the deck floated in at the porthole, and Henrietta paused to listen to that; and what was actually going on upon deck was this:

The whole ship's company was drawn up for inspection, but instead of the Captain being present he was represented by a Lieutenant, and not a First Lieutenant at that. Everything and everybody on the Imperious seemed to have gone awry during the Admiral's week in London. The Captain had met with an accident which obliged him to be removed ashore to a hospital. The First Lieutenant had, before this, got a short leave on account of urgent business, and was represented by the next in rank. To make things worse, by some occult means liquor had been smuggled aboard, and nearly everybody forward had got a taste of it. For the first time in all Admiral Harford's experience this state of affairs was evident at muster, and even the Master-at-Arms, one Billy Bowser, reputed to be the best "Jimmy legs" in the service, was a little unsteady on his pins—the first time in twenty years. Admiral Harford noted all this at a glance, and his wrath nearly choked him. Technically, an Admiral has nothing to do with the conduct of his flagship, his Captain being wholly responsible. However, very few Admirals have the transcendent virtue to remain a disinterested spectator when things don't go to please them—and least of all Admiral Harford, who was a chronic meddler, and of whom his Captain had said that rather than sail with him again he would cut the service.

The Admiral restrained his choler during the muster, while the senior Lieutenant present, with a worried face, went through with it; but when it was about to be dismissed, he cleared his throat portentously, while fire and slaughter breathed from his nostrils. Before he could speak a word, though, the half-tipsy "Jimmy legs" waved his cap over his head and bawled:

"Three cheers for Admiral Harford!"

They were given with a will.

The Admiral, standing first on one leg and then on the other, practicing the goose step in his rage, waited impatiently for the cheering to be over to speak his mind concerning the general demoralization on board. But three long, loud cheers by five hundred men are not over in a hurry, and just as he had blurted out:

"That's all very well, but——"

"Three times three! Huzza!" shouted the happy and irresponsible Bowser. Three times three were given while the Admiral fumed.

Four several times did the Admiral try to begin his general denunciation of everybody and everything on the Imperious, and each time a thundering cheer interrupted him, until at last, swelling like an enraged toad, the Admiral flounced down the companionway to his own quarters. As he passed along the gangway a strange scene was happening in his sleeping-cabin. Hodgson, suddenly seizing her young mistress by the shoulders, whisked her out, still wearing the reefer's suit, into the great cabin. Then planting herself before the door, she said coolly:

"You'll be Mr. Bosanquet at this breakfast, and *I'll* be Miss Clavering. Do you understand?"

"Understand!" repeated Henrietta stupidly, then adding with flashing eyes, "How dare you! Move, at once, that I may take these things off!"

"Not so fast," replied Hodgson. "It's the first chance I ever had to play lady, and I'm a-goin' to do it. 'Course I know I'll lose my place, but I don't want to stay anyhow. So just make up your mind to pass for a midshipman while I'll pass for Miss Clavering. And if you say a word I'll tell who you are—and then there'll be a pretty kettle of fish!"

Henrietta Clavering stood, stunned at the impudence of the girl, and appalled at her own folly—and before her presence of mind returned to her, there was Admiral Harford walking into the cabin. And this was the greeting he got from the bogus Miss Clavering:

"Welcome, my dear, dear guardian. Welcome to hold Hengland. I'm your ward, 'Enrietta Clavering!"

This was supplemented by 'Enrietta throwing her arms around the Admiral's neck and giving him a resounding smack on each cheek. Admiral Harford, like his unlucky ward, was staggered at the assurance of the young woman; and, being a man of quick perception, he took her in at a glance—her cheap good looks, her vulgar finery, her cockney accent—his ruddy, weather-beaten face turned a sickly green. However, he mumbled something about "Delighted to see her; hoped she was well; how was Miss Elderberry?"

"At 'ome, and I 'ope she'll stay there," promptly responded the supposed ward. "She fancied herself hailing, and couldn't come to-day."

"And did you come aboard ship alone?" asked the Admiral.

"I did that," replied 'Enrietta, as she called herself. "I pay no hattention to Miss Helderberry. Now, there's a good girl—'Odgson, my maid—quite the lady, but Miss Helderberry is down on her."

Admiral Harford had known storm and tempest, battle and shipwreck, but never in all his experience had he felt the horror and helplessness that now possessed him. He was so taken up with this dreadful young woman that he had scarcely noticed the young midshipman, as he supposed, who was cowering against the door, but 'Enrietta had no mind to let him be forgotten.

"This is young Mr. Bosanquet, as is to 'ave lunch with us," she said, dragging forward the hapless Henrietta. The Admiral shook hands mechanically with the youth, who was pallid and trembling to the most extraordinary degree. Much of this strange behavior, however, was lost on the Admiral, who was overcome with chagrin and uneasiness at the manners, language and appearance of his ward. He did observe something queer in the boy, but at that moment his eye happened to fall on Stubbs, the steward, who had just entered the cabin with a handful of plates.

On beholding the two guests, Stubbs, who was usually the most stolid creature alive, turned suddenly pale, his mouth came open as if it were on hinges, and the plates fell with a deafening crash from his helpless arms to the floor.

DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"THIS IS YOUNG MR. BOSANQUET"

The Admiral could scarcely believe his eyes or his ears. Things were going so furiously wrong on the Imperious, forward and aft, and from keel to truck, that he scarcely knew what would happen next. The alleged ward was not disposed to remain long in the background, and she now announced, as she spread her skirts over a chair:

"I 'ear there's to be a French Cap'n to lunch with us. I 'ope he's young and 'andsome, and ain't married. I'm a-goin' to set my cap at him straight!"

The Admiral took a turn up and down the cabin in his perturbation. He glanced uneasily at Stubbs. Was it possible that Miss Clavering was so outlandish that even the steward was nonplussed by her? This seemed to be the fact, for Stubbs wore a grin that extended from ear to ear, but which disappeared like lightning as soon as he felt the Admiral's eye on him. And—horror of horrors—Admiral Harford, turning to his ward, distinctly saw her wink at the steward. Amazed and disgusted, the Admiral was about to give her a hint as to her behavior when Captain Laborde was announced.

The French officer was a perfect type of the gay, debonair, gallant French navy man. He greeted the Admiral with effusion, and bowed low when he was presented to "My ward, Miss Clavering," and "Mr. Bosanquet, who has just joined the ship."

Admiral Harford was conscious that his French friend knew something of English society, and of the manners and language of well-bred English girls, and it was, therefore, with a sickening of the soul that he realized in five minutes that the Frenchman was secretly surprised and undisguisedly amused at Miss Clavering. For she was so very loquacious, so distressingly familiar, and so aggressively flirtatious that a blind man would have seen it. Nor were her riotous demonstrations confined to Captain Laborde. She took a coquettish tone with Admiral Harford, and demanded to know when she and Elderberry, as she disrespectfully called her absent governess, would be asked to visit the Admiral's little place at Richmond.

"And it's so romantic," she continued, flirting her fan; "I've been to Richmond, and we've seen your place. There's a beautiful little lane at the end of the lawn—it's called Hugging Lane." Miss Clavering pronounced it 'Uggin'. "And we'll take *such* moonlight walks! We'll walk down the lawn until we get to Hugging—ha! ha!"

The Admiral scowled, and to his disgust Captain Laborde roared with laughter, which was increased when the supposed Miss Clavering remarked that guardians sometimes fell in love with their wards—for her part, she always had a notion to marry in the navy.

"And will you extend zat to zee French Navee?" asked Captain Laborde with a grin.

"That depends," replied Miss Clavering, giving the Frenchman a roguish nudge.

"Shall we go to the table?" said Admiral Harford in desperation, although the steward had not given the signal. It occurred for the first time to Admiral Harford that he had bestowed next to no attention upon the little midshipman; but, beginning some commonplaces of conversation with him, the boy turned red and white and white and red so fast that the Admiral privately concluded Bosanquet's boy was as queer as Clavering's girl. And what was still more strange, whenever the lad looked at Miss Clavering his eyes grew indignant, he bit his lip, and seemed to be struggling to command himself from some outbreak. The same, in a less degree, was obvious with the steward.

To add to his exasperation, he saw very plainly that Captain Laborde was leading Miss Clavering on—not that she required any leading—and that, with his assistance, she was getting more obstreperous every minute. This lasted until, absolutely cornered by her questionings, Captain Laborde admitted himself to be a married man. To this the Admiral's ward replied disgustedly:

"W'y, 'ow deceitful you are! 'Ere I thought you was a marryin' man, and you've got a wife already! Well, maybe I'll have better luck with the Hadmiral 'ere!"

If anything could have astonished Admiral Harford at that stage of the proceedings, young Bosanquet's behavior would. He was looking full at Miss Clavering, with blazing eyes of rage. Noticing this, she remarked superciliously, "What hails you, Mr. Bosanquet? You look as though you was

scared out of your life. Come, be a little more chipper. You're doin' fine."

"You are an imp——" Young Bosanquet got that far in a kind of paroxysm of indignation—and then suddenly halted.

The worst as well as the best of things have their ending, and this extraordinary luncheon came to an end after an hour of agony to two persons—Admiral Harford and the young midshipman. The Admiral proposed to Captain Laborde to go on deck for their cigars, while he recommended his ward, in a few forced words of civility, to make herself at home in the cabin until he returned.

Left alone together, the miserable Henrietta did not even wait to express her wrath to the outrageous Hodgson, but rushing to the writing-table, scratched off a note, and giving it to the steward, said in an agonized voice:

"Get that to Mr. Fonblanque and I will give you five pounds."

Honest Stubbs' reply to this was:

"I'll do it, miss; not for the five pounds, but to get a pore young lady out of a 'ole," and off he went. Meanwhile, the erstwhile Miss Clavering was making preparations to quit, and Henrietta was in no mood to stop her.

"Well," she cried, putting her hat on; "I can say I've breakfasted with a Hadmiral and a Cap'n in the cabin; and you, miss, can't peach on me, no matter what 'appens."

"No, I cannot," replied Henrietta bitterly. "I cannot. My own folly and wrong-doing have brought me to this pass. But at all events, I shall be rid of you, and I have learned a lesson that will last me the rest of my life."

"Ta-ta," cried Hodgson, picking up her skirts; "I don't want a character from you, and my wages is paid to date, so good-by to you." And she skipped out, pausing long enough to tickle the orderly's ears on her way through the gangway.

In a few minutes more Fonblanque appeared. Henrietta, who had then assumed her own garments in the sleeping-cabin, came out and rushed toward him, and amazed him very much by bursting into hysterical tears on his neck.

"Why, what is this?" he asked amazed.

"Only get me off the ship and I will tell you all," sobbed Henrietta; "but not a moment must be lost. I must go before the Admiral comes back."

"And so must I," ruefully replied Fonblanque. "I've no business here unless the Admiral sends for me—but I couldn't resist your note. There is some mystery——"

"Indeed there is," cried Henrietta, bursting into equally hysterical laughter. "Only, for Heaven's sake, take me off this ship unseen by the Admiral!"

Fonblanque thought a moment. "You can get away, unseen by the Admiral, by the forward gangway—the men's gangway. There are several bumboats about leaving now."

A few minutes later a young lady, closely veiled, stepped into a bumboat from the forward gangway, in which were already the carpenter's wife and two squalling babies, a couple of chicken-coops, and the bumboat woman herself. And in this company Henrietta Clavering made her way to the dock, took a cab, and in an hour was safe at Ivy Lodge. And having committed the greatest folly of her life, she did the best she could to repair it by falling on good Miss Elderberry's neck and confessing all.

The next step was to confess to Roger Fonblanque, who was far more severe on poor Henrietta than good Miss Elderberry; but the girl's distress was so keen that Roger was obliged to forgive her, and then surprised her very much by bursting into a roar of laughter.

"I'm thinking of the Admiral," he gurgled, and then haw-hawed steadily for an hour.

Nothing more was heard of the infamous Hodgson, but in time a letter came from Admiral Harford in reply to one from Miss Elderberry. That excellent woman, in the most ingenious manner, without actually telling a lie, conveyed the impression to the Admiral that Miss Clavering had never been near the Imperious on that fateful Sunday. In his reply the Admiral retailed feelingly the shameful hoax which had been worked on him, not only by the alleged Miss Clavering, but the bogus midshipman, who, he had found, was not young Bosanquet at all. No doubt he was a confederate of the young woman's, and their object was probably plunder. The Admiral also said he would be at Ivy Lodge next day to visit his ward and Miss Elderberry.

Henrietta put on her prettiest gown, her sweetest looks and most modest manner to please her guardian, and succeeded to perfection. Her gentleness, submissiveness and dignity charmed him, and it was with difficulty that he nerved himself to the task of admonishing her on the question of poor Fonblanque.

"It's out of the question—out of the question altogether. You are too young—only nineteen—and—and—it's time enough when you are of age."

"Just as you think," murmured Henrietta, "but mayn't I—just write a line to Roger occasionally—with Miss Elderberry's approval?"

The Admiral had meant to be very stern, but to his surprise he found himself agreeing to this arrangement, and before he left Ivy Lodge he had succumbed so completely to Henrietta's seductions that he was simply an object to be wrapped around his ward's little finger. So much so, that at the end of a year (ten months before she was of age) he found himself giving her away at her marriage to Roger Fonblanque. The match turned out beautifully, and the Admiral, to this day, boasts of the success he had in managing what is commonly considered a difficult subject, viz., a pretty and willful girl.

"But I did it—I did it as well as any man in the service," the Admiral was in the habit of triumphantly remarking; and very likely he was right.

Down *the* MIDWAY *at the* PARIS Exposition By Vance Thompson

IN BUILDING expositions—as in writing sonnets or founding empires—a touch of madness is not to be despised. There is always a time for the calm, critical attitude, when one begins to talk of the latest thing in machinery and the most impressive thing in commerce; but, after all, the success of an exposition depends largely upon its flighty ideas—its Eiffel Tower or its moving sidewalks. You must mount the hippogriff and ride a bit in the clouds. The successful exposition is essentially ephemeral. It is born with the budding leaves of April and dies when the leaves turn yellow. And when you walk away from it in the autumnal hours you remember, not the palace of art, not the grim hall of industries, but some visionary temple of Cochin-China.

One may level many an accusation against France in these days—it has even been said that she sympathizes with the Boers—but one cannot denounce her for lack of imagination. And this bright Gallic imagination, inventive, subtle and artistic, has wrecked itself on what may be called the odd features of the Exposition. For instance, it suspected that the world might be a trifle tired of the Eiffel Tower—this lean, arachnean monster that has spun his filaments some ten hundred feet in the air. It was not impossible to create three monsters like it, each to serve as the leg of a table; nor was it impossible to erect on this table another Eiffel Tower that should be impiously like the Tower of Babel. And then there was Monsieur Tropey-Bailley, who dreamed of transforming the Eiffel Tower into a hotel one hundred stories high—and thus insulting the highest "sky-scraper" in America. There were other dreams of Babylonian gardens, of holes deeper than any holes in the ground, of uncanny iron monsters that should tower in the air. Fortunately these have all been refused by the calm and critical commissioners.

In size, the Chicago Exposition was the biggest thing of the sort that has ever been seen. Here in Paris it would be impossible to compete with it. And then bigness, after all, is rather a small boy's ideal. The Exposition of 1900 aims at synthesizing the progress of the century, not only in art and letters, in mining and machinery, in commerce and exploration, in science, pedagogy and social economics, but as well in amusements. Do you remember the first exposition? It was held here in Paris in the seventh year of the Republic. The shopkeepers showed their goods and—by way of amusement—a stout fellow walked up and down playing the bugle. It is a far cry from that bugle to the amusements of the Exposition Universelle de 1900. You shall see.

FOUR CENTURIES OF OLD PARIS

Of all the amusement features of the Exposition the most conspicuous is the Giant Wheel. It has not the pretty attraction of novelty. We have seen the great wheels go around at Chicago, at London and at Vienna. But none of them was quite what this is. There are eight hundred tons of steel in it. The mere statement has an air of grandeur. And then the suspended cars are comfortably diversified into dining-rooms, concert-halls, "smokers," parlors, reading-rooms, so that one may make one's aerial journey at one's ease and enjoy the subtle sensation of dining, being sea-sick, and hearing music at three hundred feet above Paris. And Paris is a picturesque city. You will never know just how picturesque until you look at it from a moving car of the great wheel—seeing it now from one plane and then from another, until the Pantheon and the towers of Notre Dame, the Butte Montmartre and the Arc de Triomphe seem to be dancing a stately old-fashioned minuet over the shining city.

DRAWN BY E. G. WILLIAMS

—you will see as much of the moon as is good for you

In creating the Vieux Paris, also, novelty has not been neglected. Every one has seen an Old Antwerp, an Old London, an Old Brussels, or Prague. Yet this Old Paris, stretching along the Seine, is so well done that it is rather a historical reconstruction than a mere "side-show." It is an abridgment, a condensation of that old Paris of the long ago, when the ducal palace elbowed the little shop and the gallows stood over against the school. To have taken one definite period would have been, perhaps, too simple. Robida, the artist who devised this old city, had the happy thought of showing, in three divisions, the changes that have come over Paris from the fifteenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth; thus you may live—in one afternoon—through four centuries, visiting the old theatres, hearing the old songs, eating the old dinners, perhaps in the historic Pomme de Pin.

THE MOON AT ARM'S LENGTH

There was a learned little man, a Monsieur François Deloncle, who was elected by his neighbors in the Lower Alps to the Chamber of Deputies. He devised an enormous telescope which should bring the moon within three feet. When the good peasants of the French Alps heard of this extraordinary project they recalled M. Deloncle and elected another man in his place. They were convinced that their deputy had gone mad. However, M. Deloncle went his way. He built his telescope, larger than that of Mr. Yerkes, larger than the Grünewald telescope of Berlin. Of course it will not bring the moon within a yard, but the glass is five times stronger than any glass in existence, so doubtless you will see as much of the moon as is good for you. If M. Deloncle had found some way of abolishing the moon I should have had a better opinion of him. There is too much moonlight in the world, anyhow; too many things happen under the influence of that absurd calcium-light; had it not been for the moon I am quite sure Juliet would have died in her bed, a respectable old grandmother, and Hamlet would never have seen a ghost; and as for you and me—well, there is no use going back that far. Still, I think that when the moon is brought within three feet it would be no bad plan to have marriage licenses within, say, a foot and a half.

Just for a moment imagine that you were a smoker of opium or an eater of hasheesh, lying in a dim-lit room trying to conjure up visions of the Arabian Nights. Black slaves would pass, jostling one-eyed Calendars; Princes would ride abroad on flying horses; genii would rise—like the smoke from your pipe—from fantastic bottles; and palaces, yellow and red, would flower in the night like orchids. Now there is one palace that represents all fairyland. It is something white and wonderful, something visionary and bright.

A PALACE OF WATER, GLASS AND COLORED LIGHTS

Some such dream as this, I think, must have crossed the mind of M. Ponsin when he created his luminous palace. He made it of glass. Any brutal, unpoetic man may put up a palace of iron; and there is something commonplace in building palaces of stone—every one has done it; it is the obvious, stupid thing. But a palace of glass? Foundations built of solid blocks of glass, dense and milky; girders and pillars of green, striated glass; floors of glass cubes in all colors of the rainbow; glass that twists into arches and curves into staircases—it is Proteus of the fable. Now this building, it should be remembered, stands upon a mass of granite rock, over which foams and ripples a white cascade of water, falling at last into the lake at the left of the Eiffel Tower. You cross a little bridge of glass and enter, through capacious doors, the main hall. Heavy portières yield to your hand, a soft, dull Smyrna carpet rumples under your foot—and both are glass. About you are sixteen ruby pillars. You look up, and just underneath the great dome you see a globe on which there poises lightly the Daughter of the Sun. How this damsel should pose there in the middle of space you do not quite understand. But when you are cudgeling your brain you see that the great hall has spun itself out into five smaller galleries and that each gallery represents one of the five parts of the world. From where you sit you can see down a shining vista the sands of the Sahara, brown as a blanket, and the lean camels passing, the dust of the caravan, the white cloak of a sheik who spurs on ahead; you can see the gilded cities and patient fields of India; you glimpse a vision of Dakota wheatfields—sixteen sturdy steam reapers marching out abreast through the yellowing grain; and then a train of dogs, a white snow-field, men in furs shuddering together—all the useless tragedy of the North Pole.

Visions of Aladdin's Palace—I don't know how they are created. I asked M. Ponsin. I called him Vitruvius—not to shock him, but merely to show him that I knew Latin. He was pleased with my erudite compliment and said: "You see the main feature of our age is the triumph of light. I have taken the lamp-chimney and made it a palace; I have taken the little light that lit a room and lit up five parts of the world—it is not an original creation, but a development."

You will carry away from the Exposition a haunting memory of this palace of water, glass and colored lights.

A CHANCE TO WATCH THE WORLD MARCH BY

I have always said that the best of travel was not to travel. There is no real pleasure in being whirled from one part of the world to another. Ishmael, that first wayfarer, found no peculiar delight in being displaced. What he really enjoyed was the charm of the unknown—the new scenes, the new costumes, the alien people, the strange modes of life. That is why you travel, and I. There comes a time when we get too familiar with the Broadway cobble-stones—we can almost call them by name—and for the moment at least there is far more meaning in the asphalt of Paris or the new brick streets of Rome. We do not travel merely for the infantile joy of being moved about—of seeing the telegraph poles go by the car windows or hearing the sea-sick throb of the liner's engine. We journey to see new

DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

—the married man who pays to get blown up is a good deal of a spendthrift

things. After all, we are a little like the Athenians, whom St. Paul met and spoke unkindly of. Now, when you come to Paris next year you will be able to get fairly well around the world without journeying farther than across the Seine.

In the first place, there is the Tour du Monde; in the supplementary place is an exhibition of peoples and races, shockingly foreign, which explains it in detail.

A trifle theatrical, if you will, this *clou*, the tour of the world. It is not without reminiscences of a stage play that Dennery made out of a Jules Verne novel and in which we went around the world in eighty days. But here the illusion, undisturbed by the footlights, is complete. To be sure, the scenic environment is built up according to the old theatrical rules. A stretch of canvas will cheat you into believing you see the grayish sands of the Metidjia.

Still the Arabs who ride there in the twilight will be real Touaregs, men who have looked upon Al Khadidjia—that white peak, snow-covered, which is the mother of all those who travel the desert.

And when—as you make the tour of the world, comfortably seated in your easy-chair—the pink and white world of Japan comes into sight, you will see real tea-houses, real geishas out of Yeddo, or perhaps the Street of Flowers. India will pass with its brilliant soldiers in English red, its cowed little rajahs, its sad and visionary little peasants. Here is the blue sky of Attica lighting the Acropolis, the Parthenon, and other grandiose monuments of the past—lighting, too, the wondering tourists, cheap-trippers and "Cookies," modern Greeks and peasants who are in a way akin to the smoky shepherds who drowsed about the fire while Homer rigmaroled his verses—and who paid him with goat's milk. Around the world—Syria, Egypt—here is a village of fellahs, the camp of Menelek, who is the last of kingly Kings—Ceylon with her palms and snakes, Annam with her brown little dancing-girls and her curious pantomimic tragedies, the ruins of Khiner in Indo-China, rice merchants of Changhai——

But this is not a lesson in geography.

One word more, though, if you don't mind. You cross from San Francisco to New York, rapidly, of course, but it seems to me the artist—or shall I call him a stage-manager?—has gripped the essential points of American life. You see the great deserts, the crowded railway stations—Indians selling queer bric-à-brac—the mines and the mountains, the huge cities of the middle West, farmland and woodland, until you find yourself slipping down the Hudson River to New York City. It is a synthesis of American life, a trifle rough and more than a trifle crude, but that is all the traveler sees anyway, and when you enter the Tour du Monde you are a traveler, nothing more.

The Frenchman is a great believer in the second intention—that is, he believes that a thing should be not only what it is, but that it should express a general idea. In making the Exposition of 1900 a historical event—a summary of the century—he has made this idea practical. Will you pause for a moment (on our way to the livelier amusements) at his palace of costumes? It does not interest you, you intimate. Unfortunately, we can't all be dressmakers, theatrical managers or painters. It was for them this great hall was built; for them these scores of rooms were furnished—rooms through which wander Gauls and cavaliers, Princes of the dying Kingdom and Dukes of the new Empire, red-capped Republicans and little smiling women in all the dresses of all the ages. I fancy it would be no bad thing to take one's afternoon tea there now and then, were it merely to persuade one's wife that fashion is a passing thing and she really does not need that last new frock. It will only cost two francs, and that velvet gown costs three hundred.

AN EXCURSION INTO THE LONG-AGO

A little while ago I said that you would find the pictorial tour of the world pleasantly supplemented by the villages, dance-halls, tea-houses, and all that, grouped about the Trocadéro. Boer rough riders, bayadères from Indo-China, acrobats from Siam, Japanese wrestlers, flower venders from Hawaii—you may rub elbows with all these people and scores of others quite as un-American; all the French colonies are represented, and as well those odd parts of the world that have, as yet, not found a Republic to "protect" them. It is here that you will find the Midway—a plaisance that is not uninstructive, though joyously vulgar. A little farther down the river, in the Cour la Reine, is the Palais de la Danse, where the dancers of all the world will be brought together in a "review of the dance through the ages." This historic idea, which dominates the entire Exposition, will be prettily exemplified in these dances—the Ping-Von of the Chinese, the bee dance of Egypt, the Pyrrhic dances of antique Greece, Roman bacchanals, stately sarabands of the Renaissance, and the ultra-modern luminous dances of Loie Fuller and her followers.

A few yards farther and you are in the Andalusia of the time of the Moors—a not uninteresting world, wherein Moorish girls sing by the fountains and gay Spanish cavaliers ride by, strumming guitars. I have mentioned only a few of these excursions into the long-ago and the far-away. They have a certain look of kinship when dressed in black and white—that sober suit of the printed page—but as a matter of fact they differ as much in reality as one sweetheart from another. So you may wander for hours, quite content, because you are in a world which is not your own and are lightened by unusual thoughts.

TRIPS IN BALLOONS AND CANNON BALLS

The grotesqueries of the Exposition may be divided—like all Gaul—into three parts. They soar in the air, burrow in the earth, and splash in the water. A band of New Yorkers will loose in the air a flight of dirigible balloons—"aeroplanes," they are called. At nine in the morning two balloons will be loosed from the Champs de Mars; they will soar away northward to the channel and circle homeward so that they will descend upon Paris at midnight. Another service has been arranged to leave Paris at nine o'clock in the evening for a journey that will end with the dawn.

Not very far from the balloon station is the site of the Great Gun.

This amusement project is one of those things that has to be taken seriously. You inclose yourself in a steel shell, which is loaded into the gun. A doughty gunner fires the cannon. Through the roar of the explosion the shell flies out at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles an hour, and you—please remember—are in the shell. The duration of your journey, however, is only one second. What fraction of a mile you travel in that time I leave you to figure out for yourself. Absurd as this project appears at first sight, it has been worked out on sound and safe principles. The Great Gun is in reality a great catapult. The shell is attached to rings that slide along two cables, and an automatic brake brings the projectile to rest just at the right moment—when you have had your breathless second of speed. I have not tried it yet—the married man who pays to get blown up is a good deal of a spendthrift, I think—but the aerial toboggan should realize that last ideal of the century—speed. In the twentieth century it will be a mere commonplace to be shot about the world through pneumatic tubes. This journey at a good part of a mile the second is a theft from the future.

In this same neighborhood of the Eiffel Tower—where all the fantastic monsters are born—is the Balloon-Cineorama, a not ignoble device. Here you may stand upon a platform in the centre of a balloon-like globe. The sides, the top, the bottom of the globe are cinematographic records of picturesque scenes in the world—flights of comets in the upper air, bull fights of Madrid, street scenes of New York, armies in battle, railway trains at full speed. And all these scenes race past you, around you, over you, as you stand there on your little platform, dazed.

So much for the *clous*—a good word, that, which should be English—of the air. For those of the earth I select the most typical: Switzerland. For the first time, I believe, the Alps will be exhibited in Paris. Of course they are not quite "natural size," but when you wander over these artificial mountains, with their snowy peaks, their gorges and mountain torrents, their real pines and firs, their châlets and grazing cattle, you wonder how the thing was ever done at all. But it has been done—in some way or other, here on the Champs de Mars. These blue lakes are Thun and Brienz, yonder towers the Jungfrau, and there—for this geographer is a magician—are châlets of Meyringen, Ormonts and Zermatt. Everywhere, too, the racing white streams and the green uplands—that marvelous "arsenic green" of Switzerland. Do you care to know that the rocks are made of plaster, that the mountains are built on wooden scaffolding, that the waters are pumped from the Seine? I trust you are not quite so materialistic. Let us leave that to the Zolas of life. The finest page in all literature is that wherein Don Quixote declares that he believes in the puppets—that they are not dolls, but Moors and Christians, suffering ladies and noble cavaliers. It is in that way I like to think of this Switzerland.

THE GLASS THEATRE UNDER THE SEINE

Under the water—first of all let us hail this indigent boatman at the Pont de l'Alma and row out into the middle of the Seine. Here, shielded by one of the arches of the bridge, is a huge iron funnel. You climb up a ladder, cross the rim and descend a circular staircase. You go down ten feet and the Seine is over your head ("Oh, to think of it! Lave in it, drink of it, then, if you can!"); ten feet more and you are on a level glass floor. Soft silken green curtains give way before you. You enter a room broad and long, dim-lighted, but curiously green. All is transparent glass; under your feet you see the waters coiling; around you and above you the dark tides slip by. Slim fish peer in at you. The noise of passing steamers sifts down to you. At the far end of the room the lights have brightened. You make out a stage. This is the theatre of the world of waters. And the play? Is this the Lorelei who combs her golden locks, singing? It may be. Some mermaid, certainly, with tragic sea-green eyes and a tragic knowledge of good and evil; and see, here drifts a drowned sailor, and there the sirens come singing. A strange little theatre, this; strange dramas they play here under the world-old, sin-weary waters of the Seine: come away, little girl, for here your edelweiss will wither.

MOVING PICTURES OF DEEP-WATER LIFE

There are the two great aquariums, that of Paris and the Trocadéro. The former was devised by Guillaume, an artist whom it is a diploma of good taste to admire. He has shown the reality of the under world of waters as the phantasy is shown in the theatre in the Seine. A wrecked steamer, the descent of divers, the monstrous vegetation, and gross, blind fish of the deep-sea are all there—so real that they will haunt your dreams. Most of the fish are real. They were, however, certain gigantic calmars, enormous cetaceans that could not live if dragged out of their submarine slime and carted away to make a Parisian holiday. Yet across the waters, jostling the real fish and divers, huge ghosts of them will glide—cinematographic projections.

DRAWN BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Slim fish peer in at you

THE AQUARIUM OF THE TROCADÉRO

From your glass platform you may see all this, wondering. The aquarium of the Trocadéro will surprise even old Parisians. Underneath the Trocadéro, stretching from the Avenue Kléber to the quarter of Passy, is a network of old mines and quarries, fifty feet underground. For two hundred years they have been abandoned. Above them a new coquettish city has been built. In 1878 a small portion of these catacombs was cut off and made into an aquarium. Perhaps you remember it. It is still a "feature" of Paris. Still it was insignificant, and to right and left—30,000 square yards—stretched galleries, caves and grottoes that are made to the aquarist's hand. In these dark, mysterious halls the "aquarium of the Trocadéro" is building fantastic grottoes, glass pools, rivers lighted with electricity and swarming with the strange life of the seven seas.

Shall I tell you of the theatres?

Of Guignol and his puppet friends, of Sylvestre's mimed roguceries, of mystery plays of the past and drolleries of the present?

After being shot from a cannon—after having hobnobbed with mermaids—that would be too simple.

His Word as Good as His Oath

By Octave Thanet

MATIE JAQUITH came to the Tabers one July afternoon to talk with Esther about the wedding. She found her chum under the willow trees that skirted the pasture, sitting by herself and musing. Esther was a slim, fair, small-featured girl, noticeable among the other pretty girls of the Jersey Ridge Road by her wealth of yellow hair and a particularly graceful carriage of the head. She was quite unconscious that she carried her head well; but she knew that she had a great deal of hair, and that it was as fine and shining as yellow silk.

"I was sure I'd find you here," said Matie, laughing, "though your father told me he thought you were upstairs. But I saw Oscar scooting across the pasture, and I came straight here."

"It's pleasanter out here than in the house this warm weather," said Esther with a fleeting blush. Matie, who was plump, and a little short of breath from her rapid walk, threw herself on a grassy knoll which the cows had cropped closer than a lawn-mower can shave. "I came on business," said she. "I heard you'd changed all your arrangements for the wedding, and I wanted to know, because if you're not going to have bridesmaids I don't want to begin on my dress."

Esther turned her face away, but the oval of cheek that Matie could see burned red and redder. "It's what you might expect, I guess," she said, "but that doesn't make it any easier. Father and Mrs. Riddle can't both go to the wedding. And they've both got all ready."

"I thought that Mrs. Riddle was going to visit Phil's folks all summer," said Matie.

"So she was, but little Phil has the scarlet fever and they're all upset; and you know how afraid she is of giving trouble."

"Yes—I think she's a real nice, sweet woman," said Matie, a little apprehension in her voice, as if she might arouse resentment.

"I *know* she is!" agreed Esther warmly, to Matie's surprise. She shifted back to the wedding. "But you were saying, about the wedding——?"

"Why, father heard that she couldn't go to Phil's, and he was expecting as much as anything to give me the wedding, and I"—Esther hesitated—"I know father was a little glad to be neighborly, and give the party, and show folks that he didn't bear malice—though he has reason to, after the way he's been treated," cried Esther with a flash of her blue eyes. "But he wanted to give a nice party, and I wanted to have him; and how would it look to have me married in my father's house without my father! But he was trying to concoct a scheme of being called off suddenly—so like a man; as if she'd come to his house, even if he wasn't there—and—and, Matie, he was going to take the picture with him in his trunk, so she could come——"

"The picture?" repeated Matie, a little bewildered, but instantly she colored with excitement. "Not Colonel Ingersoll's picture? Oh, my! Then it was true what folks said. Esther, did you hear about it? I never said a word——"

"I know you didn't, Matie, and it was kind; but father told me himself. I know he was to have married Mrs. Riddle when they were young, and they had a—a disagreement, it was said, about the picture; she didn't think it was right for him, a church member, to keep a big picture of Colonel Ingersoll hanging in his parlor. I don't think he'd told her how the Colonel lent money to his uncle, and when his uncle died made a Christmas gift of what was left on the note (more than half) to Aunt Melinda. And finally she told him that she would never go into the house while that picture hung there; and he said that in that case she never would go into it, for so long as he had a house Colonel Ingersoll's picture should hang there. And they parted."

"But was that why he said he never would speak to her again? He *did* say it?"

"Oh, yes; he said it. That was the next day—you know Elder Riddle?"

"Yes; my father said it was as much the Elder made the trouble as the picture; all the girls were running after him, going to evening meeting and having trouble with their souls, and all that——"

"It was the Elder, too," said Esther quietly; "father told me all about it. He said Mrs. Riddle didn't do a thing out of the way; it was all his fault, poor father. He said he heard that the Elder was going to take her to a revival meeting at the Creek, and you know father didn't believe much in revival meetings—that was one thing they brought up afterward—and he didn't think it was nice for the young folks to be driving eight miles by moonlight in buggies—and I don't either—and father didn't believe in eternal punishment—that was another charge against him, afterward—and so he went to her; and, Matie, I think he hoped that it would end in their making up, and he had bought such a pretty pin—he showed it to me—and he was carrying it in his pocket to give her when they were friends again. Poor father! But it didn't end that way. She told him that if he couldn't do a favor for her she oughtn't to do one for him. I think she expected him to give in; and she hated the talk there was about father's not being 'sound' in the doctrines, and thought it would be a great thing to win him over. I don't know what she thought, or what he thought, but he said he couldn't go back on a friend, and she said that was her case; and they both got angry, and finally father told her that if she went that evening to that 'religious circus'—he admitted he ought not to have used those words—that he never would speak to her again. Well, she did go. And father never breaks his word."

"I know," said Matie musingly; "my father says that your father's word is as good as any other man's oath."

"It is; and everybody knows how honest he is, and how many kind deeds he does, and he's the first man they come to with a subscription paper——"

"I know he is; and they say at the store that just to say berries come from Taber's is enough; nobody hauls over his boxes to see if they run even; they know. And my father says that he expects to meet your father in Heaven as much as he expects to go there himself!"

She had her arms about Esther, and Esther's graceful head was on her shoulder; she felt a tear sting through the thin muslin; but directly the head went up again proudly.

"Yet, all the same—and everybody knows how good he is—all the same, they put him out of the church—or at least they told him they were going to; and he said there was no need of putting him out, he could go himself; and he wrote them a letter—but it's no use going all over that. Father stays home Sundays and reads his Bible and good books. I wanted to stay home with him, but he wouldn't let me."

"It wasn't so much one thing, I think," said Matie, "as it was everything. They made a special point of his keeping the picture, and of his making a wicked vow not to speak to Ellen McIntyre. Deacon McIntyre was the bitterest about that; he said it cast a slur on his daughter's name, him acting that way. And—and you know that drummer who said at the store that there was something in it when a man wouldn't speak to a girl he'd expected to marry, and he guessed it wasn't the girl broke it off (you know he'd tried to go with her himself, and he couldn't; and he was mean!), and your father heard of it. Then he did speak! He went to the store and marched up to that fellow before a dozen men, and he says: 'Miss McIntyre and I have parted because we don't agree about religion; I respect her more than any woman in the world, for my mother's dead; and I'll thrash any living fool who dares to take her name in his mouth, and I'm going to begin with *you!*' He did. He gave him an awful beating. I heard that she wrote him after that; but I guess not, for only the next month it came out that she was to marry the Elder."

"Yes," said Esther; "she wrote him. It was a nice note, too; father said it was a beautiful note. It hurt him awfully that he couldn't answer."

"On account of what he had said?"

"Yes; it was his *word*."

There was a silence through which they could hear the twitter of the sparrows and the wind rustling the oatfield. Twice Esther parted her lips irresolutely to speak, and said nothing; her nature was not like her mother's, who had been a happy, prattling, confiding creature, although blind; but like her father's, and he always expressed his emotion in action; perhaps he had times of thinking that he had spoken once too often.

"I always wondered why she married the Elder," said Matie. "Mother said it was her parents' persuasions. They were very bitter about your father, and they liked the Elder. I guess he was a good, kind man, but always thinking he could do something else better than what he was doing, and always moving. They went away from here the year they were married. Two months after, your father went. Esther, didn't your father move away just to spare her feelings?"

"Yes. But he moved back after mother died. My father was very happy with my mother," said Esther with a little proud lift of her head. "But she died when I was only two; I don't remember anywhere but here."

Again the silence fell, and the birds twittered and the wind raced through the oatfield.

"You were telling me about the wedding, Esther," said Matie, "and your father going out of town."

"Yes, he's going; he has written to Aunt Melinda Hopkins to come. And—Matie, Oscar says she's going, too! They're both going! And I'm so ashamed! I know folks will laugh, but I don't mind that; it's their criticising father like they will. And so we have talked it over, Oscar and I, and we are going to take things in our own hands"—her voice broke with a little quiver between a laugh and a sob—"*we're* going out of town, too! We're going to Fairport quietly tomorrow morning, and we're going to stop all this fuss by just getting married by ourselves!"

"Oh, good gracious, Essie, don't do that!"

"Why not?"

"Why, how it looks! So funny!"

"Not so funny as being married with both our parents running away to avoid seeing us. You don't see, Matie, that it's as much to help them out of the fix as anything!"

"I'm sure they won't like it," persisted Matie; but her arguments were useless.

The more she thought about the plan the less she liked it; she tried to get over to see Esther again, but when she came Esther had gone downtown, the Swede girl who was a "helper" in the family told her. And Matie had only a few moments to stay. It was too far to come again that evening. Matie, at the end of her devices, sat down and wrote a few lines. "Give that to her when she comes back, please," she said. "Be sure she gets it; it's about something I want her to do to-morrow. Be sure, won't you, Elna?"

Elna said she would be sure, and she thought she was filling all injunctions when, having forgotten it until morning, she sought for Mr. Taber and handed him the note, saying: 'Matie Vaquith vas gif it to me, and it vas sometings she want you to do to-day sure, and Esther see vas gone; so *you* see."

Taber took the note and opened it and read:

> "Oh, *dear* Essie, don't go off and get married in Fairport as you said; I *know* your father will be grieved. You *oughtn't* to be married without him present, such a kind father as he's been and much as you love him; and Oscar ought not to put that slight on his mother! Stay home and be patient a little longer, and let us see if we can't persuade *him* to come and have *her* come, too; they needn't speak to each other a word. At least it's worth trying. Somehow a runaway marriage always puts things in a bad light; it looks as if the parents were cruel or the girl was rash and foolish; and you are *not* and they are not. Do, *do please* wait till I can see you again!
>
> "Your loving MATIE."

Taber was a tall man, more than six feet, with a fine gray, Roman head. This towering head with its silken mass of hair made people turn to look at him in a crowd.

He cast a keen gray eye on the Swede. "Esther got off all right to Fairport, didn't she?" said he. He made his voice careless. Whatever had happened, no need for that fool girl to get a tongue-load of gossip.

"She vent *someveres*," said Elna peacefully. "I tout see go downtown, but see haf a bag."

"SAY, COULD YOU GO OVER AND KINDER EXPLAIN TO HER?"

DRAWN BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

"She'd ought to have waited for me. It's too warm for walking. You needn't git dinner; I'll be gone all day."

"In the whole world!" cried Elna to the landscape, as he walked away; "vat a funny man not to tell before."

A little later she beheld him driving out of the gate in his Sunday black (a warm suit for the day) and his white brocaded cravat. Matie Jaquith drove the team home. She did not reprove Elna for her oversight, but smiled on her in the friendliest way.

Elna's eyes grew round with wonder of the situation; they had grown rounder were she of psychic mould and able to see the interior of the last car on the train which shrieked at that instant through the hills, for she would have beheld, comfortably seated, a whole seat to herself in the middle of the car, the widow of Elder Riddle; and two seats behind her, Esau Taber himself.

He had driven straight to the Jaquiths', finding Matie in the strawberry patch culling some of the last fruitage.

He made for the heart of the question without delay.

"Well, I'm glad you got the note, I guess," said Matie. "I suppose you are going to—to the wedding?"

"I guess so. Only"—he fingered the reins in his hand—"only, seems like at such a time Essie'd like some—some woman. If you——"

Matie drew a deep sigh; the prospect had its charm; there is always a pleasure in being in the heart of exciting things. But Matie deserved Taber's praise—she had sense. "I don't want to refuse you, Mr. Taber, and I do want to go to Essie's wedding; but she didn't ask me, and there's another woman who ought to go much more than I."

He was looking away from Matie at a sky which he did not see. "You mean Mrs. Riddle?"

"Yes," said Matie sturdily, although she told her mother afterward she felt little quivers running down her spine, and wondered if he would forbid her ever entering his doors, as he had the worthy Mrs. McRae, who had tried to make peace in Israel in her time.

He did nothing of the kind; she could hardly believe her senses at the gentleness of his voice. "I guess you're right. Say, could you go over and kinder explain to her?"

"I'd be glad!"

"Make her understand Essie was doing it to help me out of the fix, and she ain't a flighty, silly piece that thinks it smart——"

"Oh, she *knows* that, Mr. Taber."

"And—and—of course *I* don't need to go."

Matie ran her eye over the careful toilet—the neatly brushed frock coat, the shining boots, the white brocaded scarf—and said it would be a shame for him not to go; and grown daring from her success, she added: "I don't see a mortal reason why you can't *both* go; you don't need to speak to each other!"

"Why, so we don't." Matie fancied that he caught at the suggestion. "You could explain that to her, too, Matie?"

"Oh, certainly. I'll go right away."

"I'll drive you over, Matie. I'll leave you at the gate."

"Won't folks be talking!" thought Matie grimly, for all the five years since the Widow Riddle's return the strange relations between the old lovers had been of interest to the gossips.

Taber was the richest man in the village. It was a Scotch colony settled in the prairie, clinging to its old faiths with a sterner fidelity than the easy-going West often can show. It had frowned on the upright heretic for twenty-two odd years, bought and sold and dickered with him, but never passed beyond the chill courtesy of business dealings. Only the Jaquiths ever "ran in" to the Tabers. Poor old Widow McRae used to go, but her fate was a warning. Plainly Esau Taber was a man of wrath—a stiff-necked transgressor, who had a chance to marry the sweetest woman in the Ridge and flung it away—flung it into her face, one may say, since it was suspected that she had made advances and been repulsed. The Ridge disapproved of Esau, but the children of the Ridge had grown up with Esther, and Esther went to church regularly, and the Ridge forgave her, and sent her wedding gifts—at least, they were beginning to send them. It was to be feared this unseemly conduct would check the stream of good will. Matie feared it herself.

She was successful in her errand; the widow would do anything. She was a gentle, pretty woman, who had repented (were the truth known) all her life her single burst of petulant self-assertion. She had been a good wife to the Elder, who was an exemplary but trying man—according to his several flocks where he had stayed any length of time. And she had been a most devoted mother to her two boys, Phil and Oscar. Uncomplainingly she had borne the rash investments of Jacob Riddle, who had frittered away her little patrimony early in their married life. She had never reproached him when she found that he had borrowed money on the life insurance, the payments for which she had kept up out of her own little driblets of earnings, and that he had sunk it all in a church paper which failed; and she was glad of her forbearance when he died, unwitting of the ruin of his hopes. A friend came forward and raised a subscription among the parishioners, past and present, so that the policy was redeemed, and she had a little besides the weak arms of her children and her own wits with which to begin life again. Oscar had been a son in a thousand. Now Oscar (very naturally and rightfully, and she was thankful in her heart for his happiness and his choice), Oscar was to be married and go away to live with his wife. And Oscar was all that she had. Phil was so far away; and Phil's wife was good and kind, but it was so evidently a trouble for her to have Mother Riddle visit them.

These things Ellen Riddle was turning over in her mind while she sat, a pretty little woman, whose hair had a streak of gray in its soft waves, but who needed no glasses for her quiet brown eyes. She sat, and Esau Taber looked at her. He had taken his seat that he might look at her. His eyes never turned from the graceful head and the white neck below. He thought her fairer than the girl that he had loved. The fields were slipping past, golden and ripening to the harvest. He did not see them; he was living through the vanished years. It was a peaceful, happy time with poor Esther, who had loved him and needed him so; he wondered why he hesitated so about marrying her, after he knew that the blind girl cared for him; he must have been a pretty mean young fellow! He knew, too, that he never could go back to Ellen. His own hands had digged a pit between them deep enough to last both their lives. No doubt she had forgotten him—in that way; she never could forgive him for not answering that note she wrote him. Such a kind note! No wonder she went off and married the preacher fellow in a sort of spite. But how many times had he cursed his fool temper for making him say that!

AND WHEN THE CONDUCTOR LOOKED IN AGAIN HE SIMPLY LOOKED AND WITHDREW HIS HEAD, SMILING

How still she sat! Did she feel much? Had she *ever* felt much? She would be lonely without her boy; and he—if he were to die he shouldn't mind it, now Essie was going. Yet it was he who gave the house of his own accord, because he knew Oscar's mother wouldn't be willing to come to his house. Never! And that house he had built, every room of it, for her. He never would sell it when he moved away, and he went back to it feeling a kind of sombre comfort. "She's going to be lonely, and so'm I; and if I hadn't been the worst fool on earth we could—— Oh, Lord!" He bit a groan back and forced his eyes away.

Then the rustle of skirts made him turn his head. She was coming to him. He gasped; his ruddy face turned a kind of bluish white. She was pale, but quite composed; her voice was the same low voice, with the same hesitation that was not a stammer, which he used to love; it had been years since he had heard her voice.

"Excuse me, Mr. Taber," she said, "but I have something which I must say to you. Will you please let me say it? You don't need to say a word—not a word."

Mechanically he made room for her on the seat.

"I have said a hundred times I would say it, and I haven't had the courage, but I am going to say it to-day," she said; "we *must* fix things so we can make our children happy."

"If you could bear it," she said, "to have me about sometimes; and if you would come to Esther's and Oscar's home just as often as if we were friends"—he made a hasty motion as if to interrupt her, then braced every muscle and turned his head away—"if you could, it would be easier for them. And if we find them, as I am sure we shall, for the minister will surely get your telegram to ask your daughter to wait for you, I know it will please them to have us with them. But, Mr. Taber, nothing would please them so much as to have us reconciled enough to be like other people."

He made no sign; his face was rigid.

"A wicked oath is better broken than kept; you don't think if you'd promised to kill a man you ought to do it."

The fine Roman profile, never wavering, appeared to think he ought.

"I know you don't feel unkindly to me. Esau Taber, there never was a man with a heart like yours! Nor a will. I've prayed for you every night, Esau, for years; and after that I prayed every night God would soften your heart and let you forgive me."

A little spasm of intense emotion twisted his face, but he never turned his head.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she cried, in a sudden comprehension and a passion of pity; "*don't* be so hard on yourself!" She rose and did not look at him as she spoke. "I will do any way you can think to make it easy. Won't you *try* to think of some way? So the children won't have to suffer as well as we?"

Then she went away. And he had not broken his word. But he looked after her and hid his face.

"And I'll never be alone again with her," he was thinking; "never on this earth."

The engine pounded the words in his ears, "Never be alone with her again."

But he had kept his word. His word was still as good as his oath. And how he had acted to her! Would it be any easier for her if he was to go back and kill himself in a nice accidental way? Or he could stay in town and blow out the gas—folks from the country were always expected to do that; then she and Essie would have the money. Never be alone with her again! A fool like him *deserved* killing. He sprang to his feet as, with a shriek from the engine, the whole train made a hideous lurch forward. He reeled across to her seat. He pulled her into the centre of the car, which was staggering forward in a grotesque, hobbling fashion, while the broken window-glass was raining about the car. He threw one arm about her, turning her head from the windows. She clung to him.

"Oh, Esau, what is it?"

He looked at her. He did not speak. On his face was a look of the strangest triumph.

"I am not afraid," she whispered; "tell me what to do and I will do it."

With a long, quivering sigh he held her head against his breast, shielding her face. His own face, his hand, were cut and bleeding.

The car's plunging gait grew feebler, stopped.

"Lady got a scare?" inquired the conductor. "I saw it coming and jumped for the rope—much good that does."

"What was it?" said Taber. Silently he handed Mrs. Riddle to a seat and gave her a fan; he was trembling so that he put his hands in his pockets.

"Collision. Nobody killed, though. Hullo! you caught the glass, didn't you, trying to save your wife? You *are* a sight! Lemme git you a towel!"

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Riddle. "Oh, you are hurt! Let *me!*"

"No, you don't, Nellie," cried Taber. "Set still; I'll get it myself."

He walked off for the towel, and let the conductor help him wash a few deep cuts; and it was while the latter was bathing him (Mrs. Riddle quietly supplementing his ministrations by holding the tumbler and giving her whole store of handkerchiefs in place of a towel—not provided in day cars) that he suddenly winced.

"Bad one?" said the conductor; "hurt you?"

"No," said Taber. For the first time he realized that he had *spoken*.

His eyes went to Mrs. Riddle's; they were sparkling; her cheek was flushed.

"Lady ain't hurt, anyhow," said the conductor gallantly; "she looks *fresh* as paint. Well, I guess I got to look out and see the others. I'm afraid you are in for a two-hours' wait, anyhow."

"We are thankful our lives are spared," said Mrs. Riddle with much propriety; but the second he was behind the door she turned to Taber. "Esau," she said timidly, "forgive me calling you that, but—you called me Nellie."

Taber drew a deep intake of breath and wiped his brow.

"You *did* speak to me," she said, "and—it was just an *accident*; but it's done, and——"

"And I'm going to speak," said Taber. "I'm beat! I don't care what the folks say. I've broken my word and now I'm going to *smash* it. Nellie, I thought we were sure gone; and I said I would die, keeping still; and then—I just spoke before I knew."

"Of course," she said, "it was an accident. Thank God! Now come and sit down and let's have a good talk."

And when the conductor looked in again he simply looked and withdrew his head, smiling.

"Well, I like to see an old gentleman and his wife fond of each other," said the conductor; "talking away as if they hadn't seen each other for a year, and he kissing her hand."

'PUBLICK OCCURRENCES' That are Making HISTORY

A New Committee and Two New Leaders in the House

A Committee on Insular Affairs is one of the new things in the House of Representatives. It is a practical announcement of the country that we have got new problems and new responsibilities, and the seriousness of it is shown in the fact that the committee has upon it seventeen of the strongest men of the House, including chairmen of five of the most important committees—the Committee on Appropriation, Committee on Ways and Means, Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce, and the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads. It has rarely happened in the history of Congress that any new committee is so strongly constituted.

After an interesting contest the Democrats selected as their leader James Daniel Richardson, of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, one of the ablest members of the House. He served in the Confederate Army, afterward read law, was in the Tennessee Legislature, is one of the highest Masons, and is now serving in his fifteenth year in Congress.

At the outset of Congress Robert Walker Tayler, of Lisbon, Ohio, where Senator Mark Hanna was born, and the representative of President McKinley's District, became the Republican leader in the Roberts case. He is still in the front ranks of his party in the House. Mr. Tayler is only forty-seven, but he is now serving his third term.

Some of the Work of the Present Session

In his message the President urgently recommended "that to support the existing gold standard, and to maintain 'the parity in value of the coins of the two metals (gold and silver) and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the market and in the payment of debts,' the Secretary of the Treasury be given additional power, and charged with the duty to sell United States bonds, and to employ such other effective means as may be necessary to these ends." Already a financial measure along these lines has been passed by the House of Representatives, and the Senate will doubtless agree to something similar to it, although, as usual, its bill will be slightly different from that of the House. It is fully understood that the legislation for the gold standard is for political purposes.

Growing out of the present situation, however, are interesting possibilities. On the one side we have a great concentration of the nation's wealth in a few big banks; and on the other a cry for a more liberal money issue by the Government. The present Administration seems to be going in the direction of an absolute gold standard, and the conviction of the men behind this is that the Government should get out of the banking business and intrust the finances to private corporations, as is the case in the leading European countries.

Little is expected in the way of tariff legislation, and the war taxes will undoubtedly go on. There will probably be no River and Harbor bill. The Nicaragua Canal bill will be pushed, but the usual result is expected for it. The pension list is rolling up again, and it will increase as the lists from the war with Spain and with the Filipinos come in. There are innumerable bills against trusts, but no one really expects any immediate legislation upon this point. This is rather peculiar, as the trust question will undoubtedly be a leading issue in Presidential politics. For this reason, the following extract from a recent report of Attorney-General Griggs is made:

> "Such actions can be maintained only when the offense comes within the scope of the Federal statute. The only Federal legislation against combines in restraint of trade is contained in the so-called Sherman act of July 2, 1890. It will be observed that this statute is directed only at combinations or monopolies in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations. It does not pretend to go into other branches of business or commerce, or attempt in any way to interfere with those transactions which are carried on exclusively within the confines of the State, or which do not amount to what, under the decision of the United States Supreme Court, is understood by the term 'interstate commerce.' The Federal Government has no constitutional right to supervise, direct or interfere with the transactions of ordinary people of the several States, unless such business relates directly, and not incidentally, to interstate commerce, and such has been the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States."

More than a Billion-Dollar Congress

Ex-Speaker Reed's famous retort is recalled by the figures from Washington. When some one taunted him that the body over which he presided was a billion-dollar Congress, he replied that the United States was a billion-dollar country. This Congress will go far beyond these figures, possibly several hundred millions beyond. It is an extraordinary sum of money, but it shows how vastly the nation has grown and how rapidly the expenses of conducting it have increased. One fact gives some alarm, and that is that the ratio of expense is growing more rapidly than the ratio of population. The century has changed since Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated with scarcely any cost to the people for the ceremony.

The amount of the entire national debt of Jefferson's time would not run the Government two months now, and the whole sum paid for the Louisiana territory would last only a few days over a week for ordinary expenses. But, then, to-day we have almost a hundred billion dollars of wealth.

Resolutions of Sympathy for the Boers

There have been introduced various resolutions of sympathy for the Boers, but it is generally recognized that they are more for effect than for any serious expectation that they will be passed. Even if they should be passed, however, there is small likelihood that they would lead to any immediate results. Twisting the lion's tail is a sport not altogether banished from our political arena. In this case, of course, there is more cause than usual on account of the very strong sentiment in many parts of the country in favor of the people of the South African Republic.

Of course, it is not to be expected that the orators would neglect such an opportunity, and possibly if we should be honest with ourselves we should confess that we rather enjoy their indiscretions. But at any rate, the American people, whatever their sympathies, are convinced that they should keep out of any troubles in the other hemisphere—except in the Philippines, where circumstances force them to take a leading part.

All international dealings must of necessity be conducted with the greatest patience and the most scrupulous regard for the proprieties. We exact all this from other Governments, and they have a perfect right to expect it from us. Suppose, for instance, that the national bodies of either France or Germany were to officially declare their sympathy with either the Britons or the Boers in the present unhappy conflict? The results would be in every way regrettable. The United States is in another hemisphere, but that hardly removes it from its responsibilities. Congress sometimes makes doubly hard the tasks of the President and the State Department.

Political Safety in Doing Little

Several weeks ago it was pointed out in these columns that in all Congresses preceding the Presidential campaign the effort was to make the record as innocuous as possible. Already this is evident in the present body. The fact that all branches of the Government—executive, legislative and judicial—are now controlled by the Republican party for the first time in many years, assures harmony. It also promises that the legislation shall be purely and plainly upon the lines laid down by the President in his annual message. It should be remembered that in the case of an executive like President McKinley, an annual message is not altogether a personal statement and proclamation, but an assemblage of party and departmental facts and claims which he signs as the representative of his party organization. There have been Presidents who have stood above and beyond party and impressed their own personalities upon the time. President McKinley does not pretend to belong to that class. He is avowedly a representative of the Republican party, preferring its sentiments as expressed in its various declarations to any positive and personal declarations. His party appreciates this attitude, and so the whole Administration is tuned to the campaign of the present year.

In politics, sins of omission are reckoned less than sins of commission, so it seems better to do too little than too much.

The Increasing Flood of Bills in Congress

Although the Fifty-sixth Congress is not quite two months old, between five and ten thousand bills and resolutions are upon its files. Of course at best only the smallest fraction of these will ever become operative. In our elastic scheme of representative government our politicians, who are—when they can be—in the United States Senate or in the House of Representatives, do not hesitate to place on the records anything and everything reaching them from their constituents. In most cases they calmly announce that they offer certain resolutions, or introduce certain bills by request, thereby in a slight legislative fiction escaping all personal responsibility for fathering the idea which the papers contain. In several instances the proud representatives of the people carry the idea of free government to an interesting extremity. For instance, there is a certain United States Senator who, whenever he receives any communication of a public nature, even though it be a petition signed by thousands of citizens, reads, or has the clerk to read, each word and each name as though the fate of the nation were trembling upon its syllables. If he did not do this, the names would be treated in the ordinary way. But being announced with a due dignity of the human voice, they appear in splendid fullness to the delectation of every signer of the document, which will never be heard of in all probability outside of the abundant pages of the Congressional Record. In all the thousands of bills and resolutions and amendments, and the hundreds of thousands of names signed to petitions, there is every conceivable variety and degree of wisdom and folly from the sanest citizen to the craziest lunatic. Scarcely one out of a thousand is ever read by any Representative or Senator. There is pouring upon Congress a vast mass of sense and nonsense, and in the flood the self-conscious statesman in his frock-coat sits calmly at his desk, little caring what the passing tides are carrying. It took the clerks of the Senate and of the House of Representatives two and a half hours to read the annual message of the President, and if Congressmen had not the endurance to listen to that, how can they know all about the thousands of things that float upon the currents of legislation?

PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON

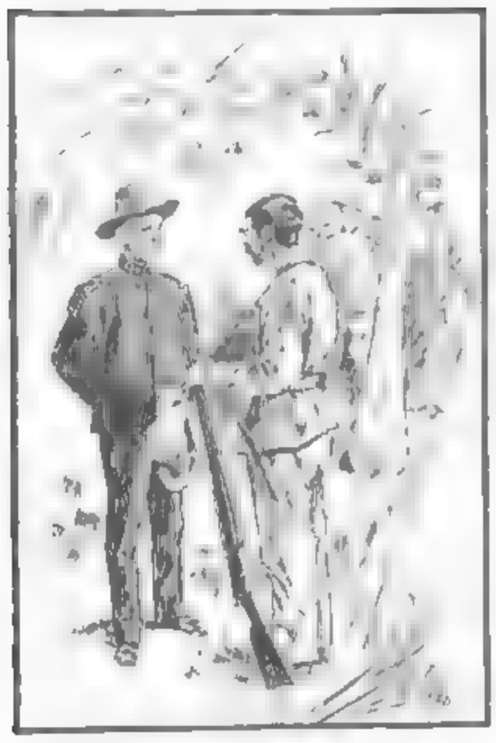
HON. ROBERT W. TAYLER

Congress Always Behind with its Work

A famous English statesman once said that it took his people forty years to accomplish a reform after it was recognized as necessary. The House of Parliament is always many years behind its pressing duties. Just now its own papers are thundering against it because it was not able to recognize the wisdom of keeping its army up to the proper strength and equipped with modern guns.

Of all the great countries, our own Congress is nearer to its immediate duties than any other legislative body in the world. But at the very best it never reaches more than a fraction of the things that clamor for attention. If we take all the City Councils and all the Legislatures and the Congress of the United States we shall find that every year several hundred thousand new bills appear for legislation.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR



Kindness that Found its Reward

The important discovery just made by General Roy Stone that there is a navigable channel for large vessels into the beautiful landlocked bay of Jobos, not far from Ponce, Puerto Rico, is in part the result of that officer's kindness of heart. When he landed, under General Miles, upon the island in 1898, he found a condition of affairs that was almost chaotic. The natives were divided, the Spaniards were demoralized, and the banditti and the White Sabre Society were active, and even destructive. The first thing was to establish law and order in the district he was assigned to. It was very hard at the beginning, not only with the natives, but more particularly the Jibaros and fishermen, who had suffered especially from official misrule and oppression. Among those who gave concern to the American commander was an old man and his sons, who lived somewhere between Ponce and Jobos. They had been robbed by the Spaniards and were active revolutionists. From their knowledge of the coast they soon proved themselves obnoxious to the Spanish forces. When the Americans landed they redoubled their efforts, and every day brought into camp one or more Spaniards, dead or alive, whom they had captured or killed. Numerous complaints were made, and finally the American commander interfered. He sent for the fishermen and appointed them to positions which required their presence near the headquarters. They were so proud of the honor that they forgot their old pastime of killing Castilians. General Stone was especially gracious to them. When it was found that the roadstead at Ponce was altogether too insecure for naval uses a survey was ordered to determine some more convenient harbor.

It was soon learned that the best bay was Jobos, which is landlocked, five miles long, a mile wide, and deep enough for all the navies of the world. But the entrance was barred by rocks, reefs and shoals. The Spaniards pronounced it unnavigable, as did many of the natives. The staff was disappointed, and none more so than General Stone. One day he had a call from one of the fighting fishermen.

"You have been trying to get into Jobos Bay, General, but the farmers told you you could not?"

The General nodded acquiescence.

"You mustn't blame them, sir. They do not know any better. They are not men of wisdom like ourselves. There is a passage through which you can take your biggest three-funnel steamers, and I shall be honored to show it to you or your people, as you may direct. It is a small return for the many honors you have conferred upon us."

The General thanked him, and not long afterward made the trip with the fisherman as guide and found the channel to be as the latter had described.

Doctor Wilson's Troublesome Initials

The Rev. Dr. William White Wilson, a prominent Western clergyman, several years ago belonged to a learned society in which there were several disputatious members. Only once did they succeed in spoiling his argument. On this occasion they had made two or three interruptions. To the last one he gave a courteous answer, closing, "I hope that during the remainder of my address I will not be troubled again." Before he could take up the thread of the discourse his chief tormentor said slowly and solemnly:

"Oh, Doctor double-u, double-u, double-u,
We love to trouble you, trouble you, trouble you."

The speech was never ended.

Two Good Stories on a New Leader

R. W. Tayler, Congressman from President McKinley's old district, has recently come into the public eye by reason of his opposition to the seating of Mr. Roberts, the Utah polygamist. Mr. Tayler lives in Lisbon, Ohio, and in Washington. In both places he occupies rented houses, one of which is, or has been, a source of considerable trouble to him. It was his Lisbon residence that worried him. The landlord was a young man who was hard to please in the matter of buildings. This house had to be altered before the Congressman moved in, and the operation took weeks, and even months. Daily the owner surveyed the work with varying emotions, and usually he ordered done over what had been done. Meanwhile the Congressman's impatience grew daily, until the townsmen took an interest in the affair.

The County Clerk, a near neighbor, decided to have some sport with the Congressman, so he called him up one night on the telephone, simulating the voice and name of the landlord.

"Mr. Tayler," he called cheerily, "I think I'll tear down that porch to-morrow. I am not suited with it."

"What's that?" replied the Congressman.

"I'm going to tear down that porch and build it over again. Do you hear me?"

"Sure," replied Mr. Tayler with a calmness born of desperation. "But why stop with the porch? Don't you think you had better tear the whole house down? If you do, let me suggest that you have some one else build it for you. It will be Doomsday before you ever get a house put up that suits you."

The story spread around the town, and the house was finished within a week, much to Mr. Tayler's delight.

In most things Mr. Tayler is given to the minimizing of facts. He is conservative to a degree, especially in matters concerning himself. This is illustrated by his recent description of a bicycle trip in Washington. The Congressman told of a spin over country roads up to the edge of a steep hill. "When I reached that point," he said, "I dismounted rather hastily, I'll admit, and went the rest of the way on foot."

That is the Congressman's version.

An impartial eyewitness says that Mr. Tayler went half way down the hill before dismounting, and that when he did leave the saddle he plowed up a fair-sized kitchen garden in the soil before he recovered his balance. He is a native of Ohio and is of distinguished ancestry. His father was Comptroller of the Treasury for fifteen years.

JAMES A. HEARNE

Hearne's Sag Harbor Critics

James A. Hearne, actor and playwright, has a very attractive home at Sag Harbor on the eastern end of Long Island. The place is old fashioned, and so far from the lines of travel that it is more like a city of the last century than of the present day. It is beloved of artists and literary men, who find in its quiet atmosphere and romantic surroundings a place of rest and often inspiration. Richard Henry Stoddard lives there, and it was the home of Julian Hawthorne. Mr. Hearne's house is an ideal vacation home. It is invisible from the road. Here he spends his summer in study and is unknown to most of the natives. He, however, studies the people around him with the greatest care. He utilized these studies in his latest play, Sag Harbor, named after the town. There is always a thorn in the rose, though, and the sweets of adulation doled out by the critics were soon mixed with bitterness from some of the denizens of Sag Harbor. The old farmers and retired sea dogs who inhabit the place read in mute consternation of the skillful picture the playwright had made. This deepened into wrath, and the wrath into a thunderstorm of abuse. One venerable Captain has issued a public pronunciamento in which he says with cold-blooded earnestness:

"I am seventy-five years old, but I am hale and hearty still, and I shall carry with me a certain heavy cane which years ago I carved out of the jawbone of a sperm whale that was killed in the South Seas. I shall be constrained to use it if I find that Hearne has allowed his pen too much freedom with the characteristics and personalities of certain estimable young and old ladies of Sag Harbor, Bridgehampton and East Side."

Inasmuch as none of the characters in the play are vicious or objectionable, it is probable that the old man's wrath will soon subside.

The Two Parties

Not long ago, while Richard Croker was in London, he and an American friend passed the magnificent structure in Fleet Street known as the Inns of Court, which is a star attraction in the British metropolis.

"I wonder who they are—that endless crowd which pours out from the Inns?" asked the friend.

"Oh, they are the outs," replied the Tammany chief.

A Partially Obeyed Order

Former State Senator Harmon W. Brown, of Ohio, held a responsible place on the staff of General Rawlins during the Civil War. In contrasting the rigors of the present press censorship in the Transvaal with the lax methods pursued during the Rebellion the Senator recently said:

"Once [illegible] before Vicksburg the correspondent of a Copperhead paper went to General Rawlins for news.

"The General pondered a moment and took me one side.

"'Take this young man,' he said, 'up to the top of those trenches within a stone's throw of the enemy. Take him up there and lose him. I don't care what happens. Understand?'

"I said I did, and we started through the lines. Both of us were mounted. I pointed out a crest overlooking the enemy and told him he could get a good view from that point.

"'Ain't you coming with me?' he asked.

"'No,' I replied. 'I know all I want to know.'

"So he started alone. As soon as the top of his hat and the tips of his mule's ears showed above the crest there came a volley of musketry ten yards wide that cut the air like a big knife blade. The crown of his hat was sliced off as with shears; he managed to drop to the ground in safety, but the persevering mule was literally filled with lead. After the firing ceased the correspondent crawled to the spot where I was.

"'Did you learn what you wanted to know?' I asked.

"Eh?' gasped the correspondent, wiping his face and looking at his hands to see whether they were bloody. 'What I wanted to know? Oh! yes, of course. The enemy over that ridge all right.'

When we returned to headquarters, General Rawlins saw us and hailed me. I went inside his tent.

"I thought I told you to lose that Copperhead reporter somewhere,' he said testily.

"'I did the best I could, sir,' I answered. 'He came back, but I have the honor to report the mule a total loss.'"

Miss Russell's Clock

A well known collector of antiquities in New York had long been puzzled by meeting and frequently being outbid by a young, slight-figured, bright-eyed woman who was apparently as familiar with the second hand shops of the metropolis as he was himself. Not long ago he learned that a precious "grandfather's clock" from a New Jersey Revolutionary homestead had been sold to some one connected with the Lyceum Theatre Company. Thinking that the treasure had been bought for stage purposes and was therefore purchasable, he hurried to the theatre. He bought a seat and prepared to wait until the performance was ended before beginning his dicker. The curtain had only risen when he saw his rival collector on the stage.

ANNIE RUSSELL

She was Miss Annie Russell, the star of the company. Then he realized that his precious clock was lost to him forever, for no collector ever gives up a treasure.

This wonderful clock, a Mayflower chair from New Bedford, some remarkable Chippendale furniture, a Marie Antoinette sconce, and a Spanish couch that dates back to the time of Columbus are among Miss Russell's treasures.

The SEA of FIRE

By Alvah Milton Kerr

POP BLAKE, the engineer, observed it first not long after midnight—a faint, bloody foam of color creeping up the northern sky. The fireman, busily feeding the furnace of the 1006, did not notice it until two or three o'clock. Then, stripping the perspiration from his hot, bare arms, he came into the gangway of the swaying engine and looked up. He at once pulled out his watch and turned the face of it against the light of a lantern that sat on the floor of the tank.

"Not time for day yet," he grunted; "besides, that's in the wrong spot. Must be Northern Lights. Say, Pop, them's fine, ain't they?" he shouted.

Blake glanced toward the north, nodded his grizzled head, then turned his eyes again to the great wedge of light rushing into the darkness along the rails ahead of the engine.

North and south spread infinite wastes of plain—vague, formless void; overhead hung a sky like a canopy of dark blue velvet lifted on a million golden spear points. Westward, eighty miles away, the tops of the Rockies notched the low hanging fringe of stars with gaps of black.

A hot August wind was blowing, and as the big 1006 rushed along the rails, hurrying the Pacific Express toward the far distant sea, the warm air purred in Blake's ears like a tiger's breath. He looked back along the train, glanced at the strange and ever-changing lights and colors painted on the northern heaven, then pulled the throttle a notch wider.

"If that's the reflection of a prairie fire we may all be cinders before we reach the mountains," he muttered in his blowing beard.

The train was a sort of sleeping procession. In the three Pullmans all was curtained, dim and quiet. Even the black porters slept. Silence reigned in the emigrant cars, and in the seats of the day coach and the smoker, nodding, crumpled and looking unlovely and deformed, passengers drooped, or lay breathing heavily. The brakemen and conductor sat down at every opportunity, keeping awake with difficulty; the "peanutter," ensconced among his trumpery in the forward end of the smoker, lay relaxed and dreaming.

Two men on the train, however, were wide awake. They sat exactly opposite each other in the smoking car, one by a north window and the other by a south window. Their grim, pale faces were half turned toward each other. Without looking directly, each saw the other and narrowly noted his every movement, almost his every breath. One had brown eyes, the other gray, both were of middle life, and both looked forceful, nervous, and used to struggling with Nature and men. Each kept his right hand down by his side, holding fast the butt of a pistol. Almost the same thought was in each man's mind, and it was this:

Shall I kill him here and now or wait until we get to the mountains? Why not now? I shouldn't care to escape—I'd face the result—death, or whatever else might come—he'd have got his just deserts, anyway!

All the steps, secret and open, of their trouble rankled in each man's consciousness, a bitter hatred and anger that seemed eating into the heart of each like an acid.

"He had no right, moral or legal, to cut that ditch through the sag an' turn the whole creek down his valley, leavin' my ranch dry, an' ruinin' me," was the fierce thought in the brain of the brown-eyed man. "I took up my land first, an' the natural course of the stream was down my valley. I beat him in the lower court, an' now when I'm dead broke an' can't raise money to fight him, he's appealed the case to the Supreme Court! My wife an' babies are just as dear to me as his are to him. I'd never had to send mine East to mother's if he'd left the water run where it belongs. I got on this train to go out to the mines to see if I c'd raise some money by workin', an' *here he is follerin' me!* I swore I'd shoot him on sight—an' I will before daylight comes."

In the bosom of the gray-eyed man sharp teeth seemed gnawing. The pain of it set a glittering light in his eyes. He moistened his dry lips, and his brown, toil calloused fingers tightened about the butt of his pistol.

"Everythin' I've got in the world is in that ranch of mine," he brooded, "an' if he's goin' to turn the water back into the old channel I'm ruined, that's all. I'd never took up the land an' improved it if I hadn't seen that the creek used to run through the sag an' down my way a long time ago. The natural bed of the stream is down that way; besides, I'm not lookin' out for strangers over in another valley. How I'm goin' to carry the case through the Supreme Court I don't know; maybe I can raise some money workin' out in the mines. I wanted to get away so I wouldn't have to kill him, an' *here he is follerin' me!* He's said enough an' done enough to me; the world ain't big enough for both of us—that's all. He's got to get out of it, an' he will before sunup."

Thus they sat nursing their poison, the flames of murder burning in each man's blood. The faces of both were haggard from worry and sleepless nights of secret cursing and hating. In natural composition they were much as other men, but many months of anger and mental turmoil had burned a hard, drawn, half-ferocious expression in the aspect of each.

They had boarded the train after midnight at a little station in the midst of that lifted zone of plain which sweeps along the base of the Rocky Mountains for hundreds of miles. About them men sprawled and snored, sodden and inert, unconscious of the wakeful horror that brooded in their midst.

Ahead in the cab window of the 1006 Pop Blake leaned out, swaying with the rock and roll of the huge machine. Every few moments he looked toward that growing conflagration of color in the northern sky, then turned his eyes hungrily toward the distant mountains. Back and forth between the coal-pile and the furnace door of the engine dipped Briggs, the fireman, grimy with dust and oil, and wet with sweat.

Now and then he glanced toward the north, and once he stood still through several seconds, earnestly regarding the marvelous lights and tangled ribbons of color shifting and beating up into the blue concave of the sky.

The world seemed on fire. He stripped the perspiration from his brow with a bent forefinger and looked toward Blake.

"Can we make it, Pop?" he shouted.

The old engineer did not turn his face. Like gray iron it was set straight ahead.

"I don't know, Jim. Keep hot hell under her," was all he said.

His lips shut tight and worked involuntarily in his beard, and he opened the throttle wider. Briggs began feverishly pounding coal and shoveling it into the firebox.

It was now nearly four in the morning, and a faint gray began to creep upon that open, lifted land. Northeast, north and northwest the heavens looked to be on fire. Straight overhead the sky turned faintly pink. A half-hour later the vast bulk of the rounded world came heaving upward out of the gloom like the yellowish back of some mighty monster lifting from the sea. Dawn was breaking in the east.

Blake did not need to turn to see it. Thin patches of rose on the mountain-tops far ahead told him the sun was peeping over the earth's rim eastward. The region was no more than wide-spreading solitude, a faintly undulating sea of gray sage-brush and lakes of matted grass, shoreless everywhere save for the vast ring of the horizon-line and the purpling bank of mountains in the west.

In that early day, for more than a hundred miles only section houses, an occasional solitary depot, and water tanks graced the track that threaded the arid region. Heavy winter snows and spring rains had brought an unusual growth of verdure, which, with the advent of the dry season, had fallen dead, making the world a table of luxury for fire.

Blake ran his eye out over the limitless reaches of tinder and his lips tightened. The division station, just within the mouth of the first mountain cañon, was nearly fifty miles away. It was all slightly up-grade. The train pulled like lead.

Back in the smoker the brown-eyed man and he of the gray still sat tense and pale.

Weary, nodding, dreaming, not a man on the train from the mail car to the red hind lights saw the crimson glare and rolling tousle of smoke-clots and flame tips stretching across the north. Seventy miles wide, and burning over 28,000 square miles of prairie before it ceased, that ocean of flames came surging southward.

In the terrible glory and grandeur of it the dawn was swallowed up and lost.

"Stunty" Steele, the "peanutter," was the first person rearward from the engine who saw it. His freckled face whitened, a speck of something like fire swam suddenly into the centre of each of his eyes, and he leaped up and rushed through the smoker and into the day coach. The conductor was lolling by a south window, his cheek on his hand, his eyes half closed. A brakeman lay back in a seat near by, cap off, open-mouthed, snoring. "Stunty" lunged at the conductor.

"Bob! For Heaven's sake, look at that!" he panted.

Bob Loomis got to his feet in sudden wakefulness. "What is it, 'Stunty'?" he asked quickly.

The boy almost dragged him over to a north window. "There—look at that!" he half whispered.

Loomis fetched a gasp from the thrill that ran through him. "It's come!" he cried. "The fire break burners are a hundred miles east of us—we're trapped!"

He wheeled around and started toward the rear of the train, then turned and hurried toward the front. As he passed the two rigid watchers in the smoker, the hard glitter of their stare did not waver nor relax.

Three minutes later Loomis came clambering over the rear end of the tender and stumbled down through the loose coal to the boiler head. "Stunty" was at his heels.

Briggs was working like a demon. Into the white disk of the furnace door he was plunging a long iron rod, stirring the seething mass within. He turned a pair of red eyes to Loomis' face for an instant, blew the dripping sweat from his mustache and went on stoking with all his might.

"Can we get to the mountains, Pop?" cried Loomis through the clamor.

Blake's gray face came around with a jerk. "Hullo, Bob! No—well, no; we can't make it. The wind's from the north, an' that fire's comin' like a race-horse. I'm runnin' her wide open, an' Briggs is fairly meltin' her crown sheet, but them cars pull back like a string of dead elephants. We're makin' 'bout forty miles an hour, but we'd have t' make a hundred t' run past the fire. D'ye see there in the northwest—it bends down to'ards the track; it'll strike the rails first 'bout twenty miles ahead, I judge."

Both men looked steadily for a moment at the distant billow of fire, a vast crescent of lashing flames stretching east and west from horizon to horizon. It was a sight to set quaking the coldest heart that ever beat. Awe was blent with a reflection of terrible trouble in their faces.

Briggs dashed half a pail of water on his reeking neck and breast and went on steadily dipping back and forth. Blake glanced at the water-gauge.

"We've got t' take water at the Shunt tank; that's 'bout six miles ahead," he shouted, his lips not two feet from Loomis' head. "If we didn't have t' make that stop there'd be one chance in a hundred, mebby, that we'd run past the fire. But we've got t' have water."

"Stunty" came out of the gangway and scrambled toward Blake's ear. His face was eager and flushed with light.

"Why don't you stop at Bald Head, Pop?" he yelled; "that hill of gravel an' alkali beyond Shunt's tank, you know. If the passengers c'd get on that they'd be all right."

Loomis' big blue eyes fell to "Stunty's" freckled face, and suddenly he caught the boy against him and hugged him.

THEN BURST THE SUPREME VISION

"Good boy!" said Blake with emphasis. "Mebby we can make the hill; it's just about eighteen miles from here. I've got a wedge in the engine-pop—I made up my mind t' take the train through or blow up the machine. Briggs don't know the safety-valve's wedged; keep mum."

He glanced toward the toiling fireman. "The passengers are on," he added, glancing back along the string of cars.

More than a hundred human heads dotted the north side of the long train. The features of the two ranchmen were not among them; they still kept to their watch.

Loomis looked at the steam indicator. The blue steel needle trembled toward the danger point. "Keep 'er there, Jim!" he cried.

He went back over the tender into the coaches and began trying to abate the panic that raged among the passengers. "Stunty" planted himself in the gangway of the engine and watched the oncoming wall of flames.

Terrible beyond description, it came, the charge, as it might be, of a hundred thousand angels of death on shining horses, with tossing manes of flame and the gleam and leap of ten thousand swords in flashing tangle above them. Up in the air the smoke, as of battle, shot in wavering spires or streamed forward over the wallowing under-billow in gigantic puffs of darkness. Every substance and form of life fell and turned to flame and ashes before it.

The train was sweeping along the rails, every ounce of power that lay in the great boiler was going into her whirling drivers. Blake held the throttle wide, and Briggs was working madly.

* * *

At last they thundered up to Shunt's tank and stopped. Briggs was on the tender with the cover off the intake. When the nozzle was in the opening Briggs snatched the down-dangling lever rope and pulled. There was a quick gush of water, then something snapped in the tank, the lever at the top of the great tub flew up in the air and the flow ceased.

The perpendicular lever had pulled loose from the valve-lip in the tank! The valve was closed by the weight of fifteen feet of water! A cry went back through the train that no water could be got into the engine; that she was ready to explode for want of it.

Men came wildly swarming forward.

But almost instantly some one was going up the side of the tank like a wildcat. It was "peanutter" Steele, whose wiles and wares the passengers had vainly tried to escape and despise. When he reached the top he did not wait a moment, but threw the cover from the manhole, and, taking a full breath, plunged headlong into the black water below.

There was a thunder of fluid on his ear-drums, a sense of stifling pressure, then he was on the slimy bottom feeling for the valve. His clutching fingers fell first upon a pipe, and holding fast to that he found the valve lip and lifted it.

The water drove in about his hands and forced the valve down; he tore it open and lifted himself. If he could only break the lip from its hinges and let the water run! But the weight of fluid upon the valve, and the strength of the hinges defeated his efforts. He must hold it open—*how long?*

He was suffocating. Despite his will, the poisonous air burst out from his lungs and the water rushed in at his lips.

Still he clung to the valve and held it back.

He was filled with pain and blackness and gurgling, but would not let go. Then suddenly he was dimly dreaming the valve closed with a snap, his feet and body lifted upward, his clenched fingers slipped from the wood, and he shot to the surface.

Loomis was leaning down into the manhole and grabbed the limp boy and drew him up. A moment later the conductor came down the tank-ladder with "Stunty" hanging over his shoulder like a dripping rag.

*

Many hushed their wild chatter and their screaming at sight of that senseless form. The two whose dominant intent was murder stood by, in the face of imminent death and the mad excitement of the hour, still watchful, malignant. But that vision on the ladder disturbed them. The hand of each man slowly unclasped from its pistol butt, came out of pocket, and dropped nerveless.

"Get aboard, everybody!" roared Loomis.

The two ranchmen came last. They moved like men in a dream. With a double blast of her whistle the throttle of the 1006 came wide; she seemed to rise from the track and plunge, and in a moment the train was rushing toward the mountains.

"Stunty" lay on the floor of the baggage-car by the open door. Loomis, on his knees, was tenderly rolling and pressing the boy's thin body. The glare from the nearing billows of fire came in through the door and lit up the lad's swollen features and the conductor's pale face. The man did not look up; the boy was as one gone out of life. A brakeman came to Loomis' side.

"Get everybody and their traps out of the rear three cars, Bill; hustle them into the cars ahead, then cut off the empties," said the conductor as he worked. "Do as I say—let the cars burn!"

Five minutes later three empty coaches parted from the train, swung back, and the 1006 set a wilder pace.

Ten miles to go now; the wall of fire seemed not a half mile distant when the train whirled around a long curve and stopped just south of Bald Head Hill.

Blake set the injectors working, and clambered out on the footboard of the engine and pulled the wedge from the safety-valve. Briggs jumped down and reeled toward the hill like a drunken man. Blake caught him by the arm and helped him forward. With feet spurred by terror, men, women and children hurried up the gravelly, ashen slope to the hill's white crest.

After them, the last man to quit the train, came Loomis, with "Stunty" in his arms.

Then burst the supreme vision. From out the northern region came animals running, wolves, coyotes, rabbits, deer, wild horses, a she-bear and her cubs, a bull bison and his female mates, all panting and as wild-eyed as the cluster of human beings on the hill. Harmless from terror, they crowded up the slope and stood gazing northward.

No creature thought of danger save for that which lay in the roaring sea of fire about them. Wolves pressed against the limbs of men, and antelope and bear stood cowering together.

*

At length the monster passed; light broke over the hill; away toward the south the billow of fire swept on, tossing its banners of smoke and flame. Men looked at each other with something in their faces never seen there before; in the eyes of each wild beast lay a daunted, subdued look; for the hour, all savagery was dead.

A cry came up that the 1006 was "all right," and that Blake was going after help. Loomis [illegible] way down the hill. "Stunty" [illegible] on his shoulder. The boy's eyes opened, startled, strange.

"It's gone by [illegible]," said the big conductor assuringly.

"Stunty" gazed around at the blackened world a moment, looked down at the concourse of passengers, then suddenly hid his face against Loomis' neck and cried.

The two who would have killed, he of the gray eyes and he of the brown, looked at each other a little space; then, as if bidden by the same thought, flung their pistols far down among the ashes of the brush and struck their right hands together in a fervid clasp.

"There's water enough for both of us in the creek. I'm ready to dismiss the suit," said the gray-eyed man.

"Yes, there's plenty for us both. Let's go back and divide it," said the other, and talking together they passed down the hill.

* * *

—WE DROVE THEM BACK IN THE STREET

Ballad of BEN MILAM

By Clinton Scollard

"Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?"
Such was the thrilling word we heard in the chill December glow;
Such was the thrilling word we heard, and a ringing, answering cry
Went up from the dun adobe walls to the cloudless Texan sky.

He had won from the reek of a Mexique jail back without map or chart,
With his mother-wit and his hero-grit and his staunch Kentucky heart;
He had trudged by vale and by mountain trail, and by thorny and thirsty plain,
And now, with joy on his grizzled brow, he had come to his own again.

"They're the spawn of hell!" we heard him tell; "they will knife and lie and cheat;
At the board of none of the swarthy horde would I deign to sit at meat;
They hold it naught that I bled and fought when Spain was their ruthless foe;
Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?"

It was four to one, not gun for gun, but never a curse cared we,
Three hundred faithful and fearless men who had sworn to make Texas free.
It was mighty odds, by all the gods, this brood of the Mexique dam,
But it was not much for heroes such as followed old Ben Milam!

With rifle-crack and sabre-hack we drove them back in the street;
From house to house in the red carouse we hastened their flying feet;
Behind the walls from the hurtling balls Cos cowered and swore in his beard,
While we slashed and slew from dawn till dew, and, Bexar, how we cheered!

But ere failed each ruse, and the white of truce on the failing day was thrown,
Our fearless soul had gone to the goal in the Land of the Great Unknown.

Death brought the darksome boon too soon to this truest one of the true,
Or, men of the fated Alamo, Milam had died with you!
So when their names that now are Fame's—the scorner of braggart Sham—
In song be praised, let a rouse be raised for the name of Ben Milam!

And ever that shout kept pealing out with the swift and sure death-blow:
"Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?"

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The Modern Man and Nature

MODERN man loves Nature—that is a point he feels pretty sure on. We hark back to Rousseau and Wordsworth, we study Manet minutely, and count the Nature references in a Shelley ode, and listen for a woodnote wild in Meredith's prose, and always give a sympathetic welcome to pastoralities from the orchestra. Yes, we love Nature as Nature was never loved before; that is certain.

But if modern man loves Nature, why does he not treat her with more respect, more consideration? Here is just such a paradox as we discover in the low-grade Englishman's treatment of his female relatives. He loves his wife, but he blacks her eye. The coster thinks everything of his mother, but he jumps on her all the same. And we, for the past fifty years, have been jumping on Nature with both feet. We have harried her, maltreated her, outraged her. Yet we think we love her. That is the view we take of ourselves. But what view will posterity take of us? Our successors will probably look upon the last half of the nineteenth century as a period uniquely scandalous in the history of the globe, and upon us of to-day as one of the most greedy and shameless packs of barbarians that ever encumbered it. We have completely forgotten that the earth is ours not in fee simple, but only in trust for future generations. What kind of an earth did we receive at the hands of 1850? A fair one, surely. And what kind of an earth shall we pass on to those of the opening century? A foul one, as surely—and one that becomes more foul, more defaced, more disfigured with every passing day. Scientific discoveries, mechanical processes, engineering ingenuities have brought us where we are. The railroad, the mine, the factory, the quarry, the lumber-camp have undone us. Nature, once worshiped as a goddess, and later cherished as a mistress, is to-day but a lone female at the mercy of that conscienceless footpad, Commercial Gain, whose one idea is to throttle her.

We love Nature, but we defile her streams. We love Nature, but we pollute her skies—because soft coal is a little cheaper than hard. We love her forests, but we hack them down, and then decamp to avoid the taxes. We love her fields, but we make them speak to us in letters a cubit high of liver-pads and lotions.

The "return to Nature," we are furthermore assured, is well under way. But if we leave the city for the country it is chiefly to flee the demon of our own devising; and if we are more than ever occupied with the details of natural history, animate and inanimate, that is only because this is the day of close and exact information.

The future will smile at our claim that we love Nature. Posterity will not care to summon our art and our literature as witnesses. It will have something better than our poetry or our painting to judge us by. It will have the earth as we leave it, and will judge us by that. —H. B. FULLER

The world needs less art and more heart.

An Annual Stock-Taking

TWO persons who had spent many years living in reduced circumstances came into the possession of a considerable fortune, when they gave themselves the fitting-out that they thought [illegible] As they stood [illegible] the shoals of their [illegible] and drew up [illegible] [illegible] to which the other pressed. Yes, this [illegible] but how much better it would be if we could [illegible]

At such a time as the present the conception of individual or institutional life is an inspiring thought. It is a noble thing to live, even though one only in a measure comes up to his responsibilities; but every life will have a truer meaning if the one who lives it takes a point of vantage and in the spirit of inquiry sees the passing of his years.

Introspection, the looking within, is the most subtle and illusive method of the most subtle science. Well might Immanuel Kant say that he marveled as much at the moral order of his mind as at the order of the physical universe. The parent science is the science of the stars; men seek on the other side of the world for what is at their doors. History studies so largely the lives, and analyzes the motives of those times remote, that the gossip and discredited information of one century often become the authentic history for all succeeding years. It is not alone old men's eyes and old men's memories that see most clearly what is at a distance. No special weakness led one of the most human characters in all literature to say: "I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching." Rightly to divine one's own life is the most dangerous and difficult of tasks. Whoever looks with too great approval on his character or his action has in consequence less character and is disarmed for future action. To admire himself one is compelled to turn his back upon the world. Self-regard easily becomes self-love and self-adulation, and thus the most serious of ills. But the fact remains that each individual should understand his strength and his weakness, become better acquainted with himself.

Busy people can at best but consider their lives in the large, but this they ought to do. In January, business men make inventories of all they have; they balance their ledgers, collect outstanding obligations, and compare the condition of their business with its condition in the preceding January. No life can be computed with the precision of a set of books, but in every life there ought to be at least once a year a deliberate reckoning that will determine in some measure the intellectual, moral and spiritual assets; the profit and loss account should be closed. At the close of a year each person should ask himself, "How much in the past year have I invested in the business of right living; is my life a blessing to my fellowmen, and is it an honor to myself?" Seldom is it that men can be halted in the mad rush of intellectual, financial, social and religious activity to catch breath—to see the true trend of action and the outcome of the things being done. In every corporate life, in every individual life, the highest development and the greatest service are possible only with a judicious compliance with, "Know then thyself." —CHEESMAN A. HERRICK.

The man who makes money by tricks seldom has to spend much of it on a large funeral.

Educational Buttresses

IT SEEMS to have been taken for granted by parents, guardians and teachers that the main thing in training the young is to develop to its utmost the genius that is the natural superiority of each individual.

In other words, if a child evinces a strong aptitude for something, this gift is looked upon as the centre toward which every line of study must trend. Doubtless there is much to sustain such a course of reasoning as would lead to this conclusion; but we must not lose sight of the weaker parts of mind and character, to strengthen which is often even more desirable than to develop abnormally a part which is naturally superior. Indeed, common observation shows that very great excellence in a single direction is nearly always accompanied with eccentricities in other directions.

But not to genius alone does this rule of equipoise apply; every individual, no matter what his natural gifts, is most efficient in the work of life when all his forces act together harmoniously under the control of intelligence. Education, by which should be meant physical, mental and moral training in the broadest sense, may easily be stunted and warped by a narrow view of its purpose, and so may character suffer in its growth apace with the misapplication of what should fertilize and vitalize it. These are, perhaps, trite statements; but there is at least one application of their deepest meaning which has not been made clear to the popular mind. We all understand more or less intelligently the necessity of strengthening the weak parts of the body. If a child is lame of a leg we at once try to cure the lesion, and if an eye shows weakness we seek a remedy. Doubtless the same attention would be given to mental and moral lesions or lacks if we but recognized them as such. The trouble is, we are so busy with adding to the strong points that we never note the weak ones, or if we see them we are apt to treat them as predestined and incurable; hence a child of vigorous memory and flabby reasoning powers is crammed with what we call knowledge, while his uncertain ability to make practical application of what he remembers is left quite without the training which would round up an efficient intelligence.

It is true that here and there a person with but one organ of intelligence well developed has done a great thing—invented a machine, discovered a new application of natural force, developed a great line of industry—but for that one successful eccentric ten thousand failures are to be recorded, and it is at last the average that we must consider. In a word, the only safe education is the education which lifts the average of common efficiency. Every boy should be trained as if we expected him to be a strong average man, every girl as if she could not rightfully hope to escape the duties and responsibilities of the average woman. Where we observe a defective line of intellect or character there is the place for educational stays and braces. The old saying that a rope is as strong as its very weakest point and no stronger is applicable to the chain of education. The man will break at his least fortified link of intelligence or character.

The prime inquiry, then, should be, where can training buttress natural ability so as to prevent natural weakness from neutralizing its efficiency? If one possessed of splendid imagination and the gift of doing things which captivate the public is without the power to turn his genius to practical account he leaves but a glimmer behind him of what he might have been. Perhaps a little careful training of his defective lobe of intellect might have turned his wasted life into a career of great usefulness and happiness. Upon the whole, it is safe to formulate the maxim: Take care of the weak points of mind and body; the strong ones will take care of themselves. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

The young idea should shoot to hit.

The Silk Hat Seriously Considered

SOME close and industrious observers have reached the conclusion that the high silk hat is not so commonly seen upon the masculine head as it was, say, ten years ago. They may or may not be right—statistics are wanting.

The silk hat has long been assailed on esthetic grounds. To the more thoughtful this has seemed unjust. It is ugly, to be sure, but is it more ugly than the other things in which man in his blindness incases his head? The fact is that it is really less ugly than the omnipresent derby. The silk hat has had to bear the penalty of eminence. Where less conspicuous but greater offenders have escaped, it has been forced to endure criticism and abuse. It has never had the full confidence of the public; people have looked upon it as an aristocrat, as, indeed, it is. But this is no reason why it should be charged with not being pretty.

If the silk hat is really passing away it will remove an element of distinction from the urban landscape which cannot well be spared. The cobblestone effect of the crowds of derbies needs the relief afforded by the beaconlike high silk. On one ground only could the extinction of the silk hat be matter for congratulation. This is the ground of expense. Few men can afford to wear it. It is not the cost of the article itself, though this is not inconsiderable when we remember its peculiarity of changing its shape twice a year and the impossibility of any man other than a coachman wearing one a week behind the mode—it is not its cost, *per se*, but the large appropriations constantly needed to live up to it. How many young men have been ruined by weakly yielding to the temptation to buy the first silk hat can never be known. Shoes, suit, necktie, overcoat, everything must be renewed on a higher plane to bear the hat company.

It is estimated that it costs anywhere from one hundred to five hundred dollars a year to live up to an eight-dollar silk hat. A man ought to be required to take out a license before he is allowed to begin wearing silk hats. He should appear before the proper authorities and submit proof of his ability to support the dignity without pilfering from his employer or impoverishing his family. Perhaps he ought to be made to wear a tag conspicuously giving the number of his license. As for an author or a writer of any degree appearing with a silk hat, the thing should not be permitted. He should be arrested on sight. It should be taken as *prima facie* evidence that he has just robbed a publisher or other defenseless individual. —HAYDEN CARRUTH.

Fine minds do more to make good society than fine clothes.

Do We Need More Holidays?

A BILL in the present Congress provides that the twelfth day of February, the birthday of Lincoln, and the second day of April, the birthday of Jefferson, be made holidays.

Why? There are at present in this country twenty-nine holidays. Most of them are local. There is no national holiday; even the Fourth of July is not a day of rest by act of Congress. Although the President proclaims a day of Thanksgiving, it does not become a legal holiday in any State unless there is a law for it. But in spite of the complications of the question, there seem to be liberal cessations from toil. The Sundays yield fifty-two days of rest; the Saturday half holidays twenty-six days more. This makes seventy-eight days. Then each State has its own legal holidays, and often each city has its special days of observance. For instance, Massachusetts observes April 19 as Patriots' Day. Utah has July 24 as Pioneers' Day. Vermont has August 16 as the Bennington Battle Day. California has September 9 as Admission Day. So it goes all over the country. When we take all these holidays and combine the statistics we find that they amount on an average to about ninety days or more—practically one fourth of the year. This new bill would add a second holiday in February, the shortest month of the year. Twelve of the States already have holidays in April, so that the new bill would also place a second holiday in that month. We are in favor of holidays, of course, and wish we could crowd the calendar with them. But it may be well not to rush toward the conditions that exist in Russia and some other countries, where there are so many holidays that the people who want to work have scarcely the time or the opportunity to get up in the world. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

At the American Capital

Stories always relieve the monotony of Congressional life. They enliven debate and throw sunshine on the legislative pathway. Many a new Congressman has placed his foot upon the lower rung of the ladder of fame by telling a good story. He incidentally attracts attention, and if the anecdote is a new one he establishes a reputation that holds the House whenever he takes the floor

John Allen, of Mississippi, still holds the supremacy in Congress as a story teller. No rivals have as yet appeared, and it begins to look as though the House of Representatives might be short of humorous material in the present session. There have been some stirring scenes on the floor, but few new stories bubbled to the surface. The new members are evidently taking the gauge of the old ones, but are hardly backward in debate. They compose at least one third of the House. It is a superabundance of raw material already being woven in the shuttle of legislation. A new story from a new member in illustration of a new argument is always greeted with applause. An old member may be excused for telling an old story, while a new member would be overwhelmed with derision if he ventured to do so. At times both the House and Senate run for weeks without the scintilla of a reminiscence. When a good story is told in discussion it seems to awaken a competition that lasts for several days. The applause showered upon the first story is productive of anecdotes, good, bad and indifferent, all enjoyable, even if not pat

Always First on the Ground

One of the best of these stories told in the last Congress was related by a new member, the Honorable Robert Emmet Burke, of Dallas, Texas. He was discussing the Fortification Appropriation Bill, and paid his respects to Governor Dingley thus:

"His promptness at always being on his feet when either the word 'tariff' or 'prosperity' is heard on this floor reminds me of a character down in Texas. He was a man who was always first—first at every public meeting; first to make a motion; first to make a speech; first to move to adjourn. In other words, he was emphatically a 'sooner.' He was the first at the bar, the first to take a drink, and sometimes the last to retire from the bar. On one occasion he had tarried there too long, and on going home fell by the wayside. His friends dug a grave in the sand, rolled him into it, covered him with a sheet, and left him. In the gray dawn of the morn he awoke. He thought he was dead, but the ruling passion was still strong within him. Jumping to his feet he exclaimed:

"'Egad! Resurrection Day has come, and I am the first man on the grounds.'

"And now, Mr. Chairman," Mr. Burke continued, "if by any stretch of the imagination we could see the distinguished leader of the House in a similar position, no doubt he would rise to his feet and declare:

'McKinley prosperity has come; the Dingley tariff is responsible for it; and, Mr. Speaker, I move that the House do now adjourn.'"

The House was intensely amused; Governor Dingley himself, who rarely smiled, laughed outright. But the story gave Mr. Burke a great reputation. It was an apt illustration introducing an effective argument. From that day to the present, Judge Burke has never taken the floor without commanding the strictest attention of the House.

Repealing the Law of Supply and Demand

As good a story as was told in the recent gold debate came from the lips of William L. Jones, a new member from Washington. The logic of events, he said, had overcome free-silver logic, and the Democracy were now relying on the law of supply and demand. "In my last campaign," Mr. Jones continued, "I met an old fellow and we were talking about the price of wheat and meat. I told him that the price was regulated by the law of supply and demand

"'Is there such a law as that?' he asked 'I never heard of it

"'Why, certainly there is,' I said

"'Well,' he thundered, thoroughly aroused, 'when we get into power again you can bet that we will repeal that law.'"

Uncertain as a Reversed Saddle

One of the features of the discussion over the gold bill in the present Congress was the speech of the Honorable Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa. This gentleman has a fascinating personality. His eloquence has given him national fame. In his gold speech his rhetoric was so deftly interwoven with sarcasm that the House listened wrapped in admiration. A reply to Mr. Dolliver came from an unexpected source. Peter J. Otey, a modest and unassuming member from Virginia, took the floor. He has served two terms without attracting more than the average attention, but he made a very strong argument against the bill. He first paid his respects to Dolliver and Grosvenor. He said he might vote for the bill if it was amended so as to suppress the explosions of the gentleman from Ohio and curtail the expansion of the gentleman from Iowa. As to the latter, he found much to commend in his gestures. "He has expanded from the respectable white dollar," said he, "to a disreputable mulatto standard, to coin which [illegible] a penitentiary offense

"My genial friend," he continued [illegible] is not certain where he is at, has been, or whither he is going. He answers queries like a man who was once at county court in Virginia. As he was starting to leave he bridled his horse and inadvertently reversed the saddle. A bystander shouted, 'Say, mister, you have got that saddle wrong end foremost.' Looking at the meddler indignantly he replied, 'How do you know which way I'm going?'"

The Popularity of Poker Stories

Poker stories command attention in the House, and seem to be more enjoyable than other reminiscences. The number of members who appear to understand its peculiar phraseology almost surpasses belief. A rich scene occurred not long ago. It was during the controversy over the Philippine question. Mr. Handy, of Delaware, and Mr. Todd, of Michigan, both said they were in favor of the immediate withdrawal of the American Army and Navy from the islands. In alluding to this on the following day Joseph G. Cannon said:

"The gentleman from Delaware and the gentleman from Michigan constitute a pair, and I believe you might draw to every member of the House and not get three of a kind"

"Mr. Chairman," thundered General Grosvenor, "a point of order. I deny the right of a member to speak in a language not understood by the average American."

"The gentleman from Ohio is just about 'an average American,'" Mr. Cannon replied

"The point of order comes too late," observed Sereno E Payne, who was presiding in Committee of the Whole

Here Handy placed the finishing touch on the scene: "With the gentleman from Michigan, the gentleman from Illinois and myself on the floor," he added, "I would say that there were three of a kind before the House, and that it would take exactly three queens to beat them."

This suggestion of three jacks paralyzed the House. It sobered for an instant, but finally drifted into uncontrollable merriment

Mr. Settle's Story of the Dutch Judge

In the last Congress Evan E. Settle, of Kentucky, was a new member who ventured into the realm of reminiscence. His recent death was deplored by all his associates. His successor, bearing the euphonious name of June Gayle, has just been elected and sworn in. He represents the old Lexington district, which once boasted of Henry Clay and William C. P. Breckinridge. Settle came to the front in the contested election case of Aldrich *vs.* Plowman. He said that the situation was exactly summed up in the story of a Dutch magistrate. A poor fellow was brought before him on some petty charge. The Justice wanted to impress him with a due sense of the fairness of the trial he was about to receive at his hands

"Mine frent," he said, "dis court she vill hear all the vitnesses mit you; she vill hear all the lawyers mit your side of the cases; und she vill dook it unter advisement for dree tays; but after that time she vill geef a chudgment against you."

Settle was as great a frequenter of the cloakroom as was Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, in days long gone by. He enjoyed a good story intensely, and was not backward in matching it

The Story of the Royal Flush

James Hamilton Lewis made himself famous by an excoriation of General Grosvenor. He illustrated the ability displayed by the General when scotched in discussion Lewis said that he always fell back on the Stars and Stripes, and held his own with redoubled energy. It reminded him of an incident in the life of a gambler [illegible] After pursuing his vocation a long time he [illegible] converted, joined the Baptist church, and began to preach It was his pleasant duty to immerse those whom he had converted to his creed. On one particular occasion the banks of the Mississippi were lined with people to see a baptism by this reformed gambler. He had a little grandson conversant with his grandfather's career who before the ceremony had slipped a pack of cards into the old man's pocket.

"The time came for the baptism," continued Mr. Lewis "The old gentleman, amid the hosannas of the throng, went into the water. All at once there slipped from his pocket out on the stream an ace of diamonds, then a king, then a queen and a jack, following with a ten spot. Frightened with dismay, the boy's mother turned to him and said

"'Oh, Jacky, what have you done? Dear, dear, your poor old grandfather will never get out of there alive.'

"'Never get out of there alive?' repeated Jack 'Well, if grandpap can't get out on that hand he ain't the man he used to be

The whole House seemed to recognize that the hand was a royal flush, and the Southern members led off in the applause that followed. Lewis himself seemed to be conscious of the effect. It inspired him to new effort, and he fairly showered the House with intellectual scintillations

A New Story of Abraham Lincoln

Senator Mason, of Illinois, recently told a new and characteristic story about Abraham Lincoln. It was while he was delivering his noted speech against absorbing the Philippines. He said that in the great joint debate between Lincoln and Douglas in front of the Court House in Chicago, an eyewitness told him that Judge Douglas forgot himself for a moment and charged Mr. Lincoln with being an Abolitionist, adding:

"Perhaps our candidate upon the abolition ticket wants a colored woman for a wife?"

Lincoln rose like the opening of a great jackknife Without even addressing the chair, he stepped out in front of the audience facing the hotel and, looking down the street, said

"No, I do not wish her for a wife; neither do I wish her for my slave."

A mighty cheer greeted the sentiment, and Judge Douglas made no further allusion to the Abolitionists.

"The McEnery resolution says," pursued Mr. Mason, "that we do not want the Filipinos for citizens, and we do not want them for slaves." —Amos J. Cummings

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

This field of helping young men, practically and plainly pointing out what to do, how to strive and how to win in the everyday battles, is one that has been closer to me in my church work than anything else. I have gathered around my wife and myself some thirty five young fellows ranging from fifteen to twenty-five years old and have made them feel perfectly at home. We entertain them, or rather we all entertain each other once a week—Saturday nights—and when the weather permits we have outdoor sports at our place. One of our most enjoyable pastimes has been pitching quoits by electric light I have rigged up sockets on the side of our house and run wires from these to uprights, across which extend pieces to support the wires and globes, so that over each peg, about six and a half feet above, there is a sixteen-candle-power lamp with an aluminum shade, which throws a brilliant light about six feet in diameter around the peg. We have three sets, six playing in each, so that eighteen can play at once. I built two tennis courts just beyond our house, and we have found them a source of enjoyment. Recently we had a ten-mile paper chase—Hare and Hounds—in which twenty-one of us entered. In these and other ways we have brought together these young men, and by our own pleasant home life we have been quietly teaching them that questionable places cannot give as much real pleasure to a young man as innocent, hearty amusements of our kind. We have never preached to the boys, but they all know what our lives mean to us, and the influence has been getting in some good work. Gradually we have won their confidence so that now more than half of them make one or the other—sometimes both—of us their confidant, and we have been able to pull many a one out of a tight place.

It seems to me that many other young married folks could find as keen enjoyment along these lines as we have, besides helping young fellows just at the time and at that age where the turning point comes which so often means the slipping away from a clean life, the coming out from under the influences of home life, and the ultimate wounds and scars of a dissipated life. Grant Armor

Baltimore, Maryland

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Humility is the great essential characteristic that is so sadly wanting in the general make-up of the man of the present time. We all think ourselves fitted for a higher position, and are not willing to bend ourselves to accept the opportunities that are within easy reach. We learn a trade or a particular branch of business, and if we cannot find employment at it are too proud to take a position "under instructions" at something else. We are not willing to accept a much smaller salary, and also to endure the petty tyranny of people we work with every day. No man can think of doing such a thing without some repugnance, particularly when he is naturally of a sensitive disposition. It usually requires a great effort to overcome this feeling, because the first round of the ladder in any business carries the weight of all the drudgery that must be done, not only for the firm itself, but for all the subordinate officers also. The great majority of the wrecks of humanity are men who could not, or perhaps would not, humble themselves; men who made a mistake and were too high-strung to acknowledge the fact, to begin over again on a new plan the construction of their fortunes There is no more pitiable spectacle on earth than a man who is so weak as to acknowledge that he is unable to earn a living, provided, of course, that he is not a cripple. The successful men of to-day are men who are willing to "buckle down to it"; no obstacle is too great for them to overcome. They do not wait for anybody to do their work for them, no matter what it is, if it is to be done, they do it themselves. With these men there is no question of long hours or holidays; they are willing to deny themselves these when there is important work in hand. The poorest man in the town is sometimes the proudest when it comes to going to work. He is perfectly willing to let his wife or any of his relatives do the "providing," and he can always be on hand at meal time. John J. Fleming

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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The Bicycle Doctor of Folkestone

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The three men—HARRIS, GEORGE and the author—decide to spend a holiday awheel in Germany, working eastward from Berlin to Dresden. They broach the matter to their wives—who are to be left at home—and make preparations for the journey. They fix upon Thursday morning for the start.

ON MONDAY afternoon Harris came around. He had a cycling paper in his hand.

I said: "If you take my advice, you will leave it alone."

Harris said: "Leave what alone?"

I said: "That brand-new, patent revolution in cycling, record-breaking tomfoolishness, whatever it may be, the advertisement of which you have there in your hand."

He said: "Well, I don't know; there will be some steep hills for us to negotiate; I guess we shall want a good brake."

I said: "We shall want a brake, I agree; what we shall not want is a mechanical surprise that we don't understand, and that never acts when it is wanted."

"This thing," he said, "acts automatically."

"You needn't tell *me*," I said; "I know by instinct exactly what it will do. Going up hill it will jamb the wheel so effectively that we shall have to carry the machine bodily. The air at the top of the hill will do it good, and it will suddenly come right again. Going down hill it will start reflecting what a nuisance it has been. This will lead to remorse, and finally to despair. It will say to itself: 'I'm not fit to be a brake. I don't help these fellows; I only hinder them. I'm a curse, that's what I am.' And without a word of warning it will chuck the whole business. That is what that brake will do. Leave it alone. You are a good fellow," I continued, "but you have one fault."

"What?" he asked indignantly.

"You have too much faith," I answered. "If you read an advertisement you go away and believe it. Every experiment that every fool has thought of in connection with cycling you have tried. Your Guardian Angel appears to be a careful and conscientious spirit, and hitherto she has seen you through; take my advice and don't try her too far. She must have had a busy time since you started cycling. Don't go on till you make her mad."

We were still looking for the screws when Ethelbertha came out

He said: "If every man talked like that there would be no advancement made in any department of life. If nobody ever tried a new thing the world would come to a standstill. It is by——"

"I know all that can be said on that side of the argument," I interrupted. "I agree in trying new experiments up to thirty-five; *after* thirty-five I consider a man is entitled to think of himself. You and I have done our duty in this direction—you, especially. You have been blown up by a patent gas-lamp——"

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 8. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments.

He said: "I really think, you know, that was my fault; I think I must have screwed it up too tight."

I said: "I am quite willing to believe that if there was a wrong way of handling the thing that is the way you handled it. You should take that tendency of yours into consideration; it bears upon the argument. Myself, I did not notice what you did; I only know we were riding peacefully and pleasantly along the Whitby Road, discussing the Thirty-Years' War, when your lamp went off like a pistol shot. The start sent me into the ditch, and your wife's face when I told her there was nothing the matter and that she was not to worry, because the two men would carry you upstairs, and the doctor would be around in a minute, bringing the nurse with him, still lingers in my memory."

He said: "I wish you had thought to pick up the lamp. I should like to have found out what was the cause of its going off like that."

I said: "There was not time to pick up the lamp. I calculate it would have taken two hours to have collected it. As to its 'going off,' the mere fact of its being advertised as the safest lamp ever invented would of itself, to any one but you, have suggested accident.

"Then there was that electric lamp," I continued.

"Well, that really did give a fine light," he replied, "you said so yourself."

I said: "It gave a brilliant light in the King's Road, Brighton, and frightened a horse. The moment we got into the dark beyond Kemp Town it went out, and you were summoned for riding without a light. You may remember that on sunny afternoons you used to ride about with that lamp shining for all it was worth. When lighting up time came it was naturally tired, and wanted a rest."

"It was a bit irritating, that lamp," he murmured; "I remember it."

I said: "It irritated me; it must have been worse for you."

"Then there are saddles," I went on. I wished to get this lesson home to him. "Can you think of any saddle ever advertised that you have *not* tried?"

He said: "It has always been an idea of mine that the right saddle is to be found."

I said: "You give up that idea; this is an imperfect world, a world of joy and sorrow mingled. There may be a Better Land where bicycle saddles are made out of rainbow, stuffed with cloud; in this world the simplest thing is to get used to something hard. There was that saddle you bought in Birmingham; it was divided in the middle, and looked like a pair of kidneys."

He said: "You mean that one constructed on anatomical principles?"

"Very likely," I replied. "The box you bought it in had a picture on the cover representing a sitting skeleton—or rather that part of a skeleton which does sit."

He said: "It was quite correct; it showed you the true position of the——"

I said: "We will not go into details; the picture always seemed to me indecorate."

He said: "Medically speaking, it was right."

"Possibly," I said, "for a man who rode in nothing but his bones. I only know that I tried it myself, and that to a man who wore flesh it was agony. Every time you went over a stone or rut it nipped you; it was like riding on an irritable lobster. You rode that for a month."

George

"I thought it only right to give it a fair trial," he answered.

I said: "You gave your family a fair trial, also, if you will allow me the use of slang. Your wife told me that never in the whole course of your married life had she known you so bad-tempered, so un-Christianlike as you were that month. Then you remember that other saddle, the one with a spring under it."

He said: "You mean the 'Spiral'?"

I said: "I mean the one that jerked you up and down like a Jack-in-the-box; sometimes you came down again in the right place, and sometimes you did not. I am not referring to these past matters merely to recall painful memories, but I want to impress upon you the folly of trying experiments at your time of life."

He said: "I wish you wouldn't harp so much on my age. A man at thirty-four——"

"A man at what?"

He said: "If you don't want the thing, don't have it. If your machine runs away with you down a mountain, and you and George get flung through a church roof, don't blame me."

"I cannot promise for George," I said; "a little thing will sometimes annoy him, as you know. If such an accident as you suggest happen, he may be cross, but I will undertake to explain to him that it was not your fault."

"Is the thing all right?" he asked.

"The tandem," I replied, "is well."

He said: "Have you overhauled it?"

I said: "I have not, nor is anybody else going to overhaul it. The thing is now in working order, and it is going to remain in working order till we start."

I have had experience of this "overhauling." There was a man at Folkestone; I used to meet him on the Lees. He proposed one evening we should go for a long bicycle ride together on the following day, and I agreed. I got up early for me; I made an effort, and was pleased with myself. He came half an hour late; I was waiting for him in the garden. It was a lovely day. He said:

"That's a good looking machine. How does it run?"

"Oh, like most of them," I answered; "easily enough in the morning; goes a little stiffly after lunch."

He caught hold of it by the front wheel and the fork and shook it violently.

I said: "Don't do that; you'll hurt it."

I did not see why he should shake it; it had not done anything to him. Besides, if it wanted shaking, I was the

proper person to shake it. I felt much as I should if he had started whacking my dog

He said: "This front wheel wobbles."

I said: "It doesn't if you don't wobble it." It didn't wobble, as a matter of fact—nothing worth calling a wobble.

He said: "This is dangerous; have you got a screw-hammer?"

I ought to have been firm, but I thought that perhaps he really did know something about the business. I went to the tool-shed to see what I could find. When I came back he was sitting on the ground with the front wheel between his legs. He was playing with it, twiddling it around between his fingers; the remnant of the machine was lying on the gravel path beside him.

He said: "Something has happened to this front wheel of yours."

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" I answered. But he was the sort of man that never understands satire.

He said: "It looks to me as if the bearings were all wrong."

I said: "Don't you trouble about it any more; you will make yourself tired. Let us put it back and get off."

He said: "We may as well see what is the matter with it, now it is out." He talked as though it had dropped out by accident.

Before I could stop him he had unscrewed something somewhere, and out rolled all over the path a lot of little balls.

"Catch 'em!" he shouted. "Catch 'em! We mustn't lose any of them!" He was quite excited about them.

We groveled around for half an hour and found sixteen. He said he hoped we had got them all, because if not it would make a serious difference in the machine. He said there was nothing you should be more careful about in taking a bicycle to pieces than seeing you did not lose any of the balls. He explained that you ought to count them as you took them out, and see that exactly the same number went back in each place. I promised, if ever I took a bicycle to pieces, I would remember his advice.

I put the balls for safety in my hat, and I put my hat upon the doorstep. It was not the sensible thing to do, I admit. As a matter of fact, it was a silly thing to do, I am not, as a rule, addle-headed; his influence must have affected me.

He then said that while he was about it he would see to the chain for me, and at once began taking off the gearcase. I did try to dissuade him from that. I told him what an experienced friend of mine once said to me, solemnly:

"If anything goes wrong with your gearcase, sell the machine and buy a new one. It comes cheaper."

He said: "People talk like that who understand nothing about machines. Nothing is easier than taking off a gearcase."

I had to confess he was right. In less than five minutes he had the gearcase in two pieces lying on the path, and was groveling for screws. He said it was always a mystery to him the way screws disappeared. We were still looking for the screws when Ethelbertha came out. She seemed surprised to find us there; she said she thought we had started hours ago.

He said: "We sha'n't be long now. I'm just helping your husband to overhaul this machine of his. It's a good machine, but they all want going over occasionally."

Ethelbertha said: "If you want to wash yourselves when you have done you might go into the back kitchen, if you don't mind; the girls have just finished the bedrooms."

She told me that if she met Kate they would probably go for a sail, but that in any case she would be back to lunch. I would have given a sovereign to be going with her. I was getting heartily sick of standing about watching this fool breaking up my bicycle.

Common sense continued to whisper to me, "Stop him before he does any more mischief; you have a right to protect your own property from the ravages of a lunatic; take him by the scruff of the neck and kick him out of the gate."

But I am weak when it comes to hurting other people's feelings, and I let him muddle on.

He gave up looking for the rest of the screws. He said screws had a knack of turning up when you least expected them, and that now he would see to the chain. He tightened it till it would not move; next he loosened it until it was twice as loose as it was before. Then he said we had better think about getting the front wheel back into its place again.

I held the fork open, and he worried with the wheel. At the end of ten minutes I suggested he should hold the forks and that I should handle the wheel, and we changed places. At the end of his first minute he dropped the machine and took a short walk around the croquet lawn with his hands pressed together between his thighs. He explained as he walked that the thing to be careful about was to avoid getting your fingers pinched between the forks and the spokes of the wheel. I replied I was convinced, from my own experience, that there was much truth in what he said. He wrapped himself up in a couple of dusters and we commenced again. At length we did get the thing into position and the moment it was in position he burst out laughing.

I said: "What's the joke?"

He said: "Well, I am an ass!"

It was the first thing he had said that made me respect him. I asked him what had led him to the discovery.

He said: "We've forgotten the balls!"

I looked for my hat; it was lying topsy-turvy in the middle of the path, and Ethelbertha's favorite hound was swallowing the balls as fast as he could pick them up.

"He will kill himself," said Ebbson—I have never met him since that day, thank the Lord, but I think his name was Ebbson—"they are solid steel."

I said: "I am not troubling about the dog. He has had a bootlace and a packet of needles already this week. Nature's the best guide; puppies seem to require this kind of stimulant. What I am thinking about is my bicycle."

He was of a cheerful disposition. He said: "Well, we must put back all we can find and trust to Providence."

THEN HE LOST HIS TEMPER AND TRIED BULLYING THE THING.

We found eleven. We fixed six on one side and five on the other, and half an hour later the wheel was in its place again. It need hardly be added that it really did wobble now; a child might have noticed it. Ebbson said it would do for the present. He appeared to be getting a bit tired himself; if I had let him he would, I believe, at this point have gone home. I was determined now, however, that he should stop and finish. I had abandoned all thoughts of a ride. My pride in the machine he had killed. My only interest lay now in seeing him scratch and bump and pinch himself. I revived his drooping spirits with a glass of beer and some judicious praise. I said:

"Watching you do this is of real use to me. It is not only your skill and dexterity that fascinates me, it is your cheery confidence in yourself, your inexplicable hopefulness, that does me good."

Thus encouraged, he set to work to refix the gearcase. He stood the bicycle up against the house and worked from the off side. Then he stood it against a tree and worked from the near side. Then I held it for him while he lay on the ground with his head between the wheels and worked at it from below, and dropped oil upon himself. Then he took it away from me and doubled himself across it, like a pack-saddle, till he lost his balance and slid over on to his head. Three times he said: "Thank Heaven, that's right at last!" And twice he said: "No, I'm blanked if it is, after all." What he said the third time I try to forget.

Then he lost his temper and tried bullying the thing. The bicycle, I was glad to see, showed spirit; and the subsequent proceedings degenerated into little else than a rough-and-tumble fight between him and the machine. One moment the bicycle would be on the gravel path and he on top of it; the next the position would be reversed—he on the gravel path, the bicycle on him.

Now he would be standing flushed with victory, with the bicycle firmly fixed between his legs. But his triumph would be short lived. By a sudden, quick movement it would free itself, and turning upon him, hit him sharply over the head with one of its handles.

At quarter to one, dirty and disheveled, cut and bleeding, he said:

"I think that will do," and rose and wiped his brow.

The bicycle looked as if it also had had enough of it. Which had received most punishment it would be difficult to say. I took him into the back kitchen—where, so far as was possible without soda and proper tools, he cleaned himself—and sent him home. The bicycle I put into a cab and took around to the nearest repairing shop. The foreman of the works came up and looked at it.

"What do you want me to do with that?" said he.

"I want you," I said, "so far as is possible, to restore it."

"It's a bit far gone," said he. "But I'll do my best."

He did his best, which came to two pounds ten. But it was never the same machine again, and at the end of the season I left it in an agent's hands to sell. I wished to deceive nobody; I instructed the man to advertise it as a last year's machine. The agent advised me not to mention any date. He said:

"In this business it isn't a question of what is true and what isn't; it's a question of what you can get people to believe. Now, between you and me, it doesn't look like a last year's machine; so far as looks are concerned, it might be a ten-year-old. We'll say nothing about date; we'll just get what we can."

I left the matter to him, and he got me five pounds, which, he said, was more than he had expected.

There are two ways you can get exercise out of a bicycle; you can "overhaul" it, or you can ride it. On the whole, I am not sure that the man who takes his pleasure overhauling does not have the best of the bargain. He is independent of the weather and the wind; the state of the roads troubles him not. Give him a screw-hammer, a bundle of rags, an oil can, and something to sit down upon, and he is happy for the day. He has to put up with certain disadvantages, of course, there is no joy without alloy. He himself always looks like a tinker, and his machine always suggests the idea that, having stolen it, he has tried to disguise it; but as he rarely gets beyond the first milestone with it, this, perhaps, does not much matter. The mistake some people make is in thinking they can get both forms of sport out of the same machine. This is impossible; no machine will stand the double strain. You must make up your mind whether you are going to be an "overhauler" or a rider. Personally, I prefer to ride; therefore I take care to have near me nothing that can tempt me to overhaul. When anything happens to my machine I wheel it to the nearest repairing shop. If I am too far from a town or village to walk, I sit by the roadside and wait till a cart comes along. My chief danger, I always find, is from the wandering overhauler. The sight of a broken-down machine is to the overhauler as a wayside corpse to a crow; he swoops down upon it with a friendly yell of triumph. At first I used to try politeness. I would say:

It is nothing; don't you trouble. You ride on and enjoy yourself. I beg it of you as a favor; please go away."

Experience has taught me, however, that courtesy is of no use in such an extremity. Now I say:

"You go away and leave the thing alone or I will knock your silly head off."

And if you look determined and have a good stout cudgel in your hand, you can generally drive him off.

George came in later in the day. He said:

"Well, do you think everything will be ready?"

I said: "Everything will be ready by Wednesday, except, perhaps, you and Harris."

He said: "Does the tandem want overhauling?"

I replied: "Age and experience have taught me that there are few matters concerning which a man does well to be positive, consequently there remain to me now but a limited number of questions upon which I feel any certainty. Among such still unshaken beliefs, however, is that that the tandem does not want overhauling. I also feel a conviction that, provided my life is spared, no human being

between now and Wednesday morning is going to overhaul it

George said, "I should not show temper over the matter if I were you. There will come a day, perhaps not far distant, when that bicycle, with a couple of mountains between it and the nearest repairing shop, will, in spite of your chronic desire for rest, *have* to be overhauled. Then you will clamor for people to tell you where you put the oil can, and what you have done with the screw hammer. Then, while you exert yourself holding the thing steady against a tree, you will suggest that somebody else should clean the chain and pump the back wheel"

I felt there was justice in George's rebuke—also a certain amount of prophetic wisdom. I said

"Forgive me if I seemed unresponsive. The truth is, Harris was round here——"

George said: "Say no more; I understand Besides, what I came to talk to you about was another matter. Look at that."

He handed me a small book bound in red cloth. It was a guide to English conversation for the use of German travelers. It commenced "On the Steamboat," and terminated "At the Doctor's," its longest chapter being devoted to conversation in a railway carriage among, apparently, a compartment load of quarrelsome and ill mannered lunatics: "Can you not get farther away from me, sir?" "It is impossible, madam; my neighbor here is very stout." "Shall we not endeavor to arrange our legs?" "Please have the goodness to keep your elbows down." "Pray do not inconvenience yourself, madam; if my shoulder is of any accommodation to you"; whether intended to be said sarcastically or not there was nothing to indicate. "I really must request you to move a little, madam; I can hardly breathe," the author's idea being, presumably, that by this time the whole party were mixed up together on the floor. The chapter concluded with the phrase: "Here we are at our destination, God be thanked!" (Gott sei dank!) a pious exclamation which must have taken the form of a chorus.

"It is not a brilliant publication," I remarked, handing the book back to George; "it is not a book that personally I could recommend to any German about to visit England; I think it would get him disliked But I have read books published in London for the use of English travelers abroad every whit as foolish. Some educated idiot, misunderstanding seven languages, would appear to go about writing these books for the false guidance of modern Europe."

"You cannot deny," said George, "that these books are in large request. In every town in Europe there must be people going about talking this sort of thing."

"Maybe," I replied; "but fortunately nobody understands them. I have noticed men standing on railway platforms and at street corners, reading aloud from such books. Nobody knows what language they are speaking; nobody has the slightest knowledge of what they are saying. This is perhaps as well; were they understood they would probably be assaulted."

George said: "Maybe you are right; my idea is to see what would happen if they were understood. My proposal is to get to London early on Wednesday morning and spend an hour or two going about and shopping with the aid of this book. I want to try this sort of talk; I want to see how the foreigner feels when he is talked to in this way."

It struck me as a sporting idea. I offered to accompany him, and wait outside the shop. I said I thought that Harris would like to be in it, too—or rather to be outside

George said that was not quite his scheme. His proposal was that Harris and I should accompany him into the shop. With Harris who looks formidable, to support him, and myself at the door to call for the police, he said he was willing to adventure the thing

We walked around to Harris' and put the thing before him. He examined the book, especially the chapters dealing with the purchase of shoes and hats. He said

"If George talks to any tradesman the things put down here, it is not support—it is carrying to the hospital that he will need."

"You talk," said George, "as though I were a boy without any sense. I shall select from the more polite and less irritating speeches. The grosser insults I shall avoid."

This being clearly understood, Harris gave in his adhesion, and our start was fixed for early Wednesday morning

MORGAN ROBERTSON

Master Mariner and Writer of Tales

By Benjamin Northrop

THE same indomitable pluck that made Morgan Robertson the mate of a sailing vessel when he was twenty-one years old, and an expert diamond setter three years after he had quit the sea, has put him in the foremost rank of short-story writers in this country, and all within the last three years.

The story was told to me by Mr. Robertson over his coffee, looking out of the club window down Fifth Avenue and up the cross street—the same cross street that he had often walked carrying manuscript written for food, for only a year or so ago writing was a venture fully as rash, equally as hard and certainly as hazardous as any he ever had chanced in his seafaring days.

This is the story

"I was thirty-five years old when I began the trade of writing," said Mr. Robertson. "Before that I had been a sailor, jeweler, watchmaker, clock-mender, polisher and diamond-setter. I began to write for a living in 1896. Let me begin at the beginning. I left my home in Oswego, New York, when I was sixteen years old, and went to sea. I was the boy on a square-rigged ship that sailed around the world. It was on this voyage that I learned my first lesson in brutality—that I saw for the first time the abuses that the common sailor suffers, the wrongs I am now making it my business to expose in my sea stories. The ship was in the Trades, and the watches both night and day were monotonously quiet. During the night watch the men usually slept, and the boy kept awake to answer any call from the man at the wheel or the mate. One night I, the boy, fell asleep, and the mate, a great hulking German, got no answer to his summons. He waked me by a kick which landed me on the lee scuppers, and for a few minutes I was more dead than alive. As an additional punishment he bade me walk the main hatch for four hours. I should not say walk; it was a jog trot. Now on shipboard a sailorman does not have much opportunity to exercise his legs, therefore this task became exquisite torture long before the time elapsed. I crawled into my bunk almost fainting, and it was days before I recovered. Once I had a felon which swelled one of the fingers of my left hand to three times its normal size. One day, without any excuse, and merely to gratify his brutal instincts, the mate ordered me to [illegible]

"'Get up, you young imp. Let me see you climb.'

"And I got up by using my knees, my right hand and my teeth. I got up and I got down again, but to this day I do not know how. I soon found that the only way to avoid individual abuse was to jump whenever an order was given—to do what I was called upon to do as quickly and intelligently as possible and never complain. Of course, when the crew were dressed down collectively I came in for my share. My last few seasons were on the lakes, where pay was better and treatment more civil. When I was twenty-one I was a mate and a pilot. Between the lakes in summer and the salt water in winter I spent my time until 1886. Then I changed my trade. I had learned that I could do almost anything that was to be done in the line of sailoring work. I could sew, mend, splice and caulk, but to stand on deck and make a lot of sailors carry out my orders was harder work than to do the task myself, therefore when I was advised to learn a mechanical trade I was disposed to do so.

"My adviser was a phrenologist in Chicago. He felt my bumps and told me that I had constructive and mechanical ingenuity, and said I could do anything from making a watch to building a bridge. I took up watchmaking because I could not get a chance to build bridges. I went back to Oswego and began the watchmaker's trade under a jeweler whom I had known all my life. The phrenologist was right. I took to my new trade readily, and before the year was out I was earning moderate wages. When summer came I went back to the lakes to make more money. In the fall I found that I had made little money, and, in addition, had lost my job. I belonged to a good family, and the young people of the town took me up. I was invited to dances, parties and sociables; my evenings were spent in society—but I earned my living during the day going from house to house knocking at the back door, asking if they had any clocks to mend. At first it floored me to have the door opened by one of the girls I had danced with the night before; but I soon got over that

"The next spring I came to New York and wandered through the streets of Jersey City and Hoboken, mending clocks and repairing jewelry wherever I had the chance. At last I got a place at steady wages in a Maiden Lane optical company. I stayed there nine months and then went back to the lakes. This time it was on a steam yacht, and I spent the summer of 1888 sailing into the pleasant harbors of Great South Bay, living on the best in the land, and taking orders from no one but the owner. The next winter found me at work again in New

MORGAN ROBERTSON

York, this time as a jewelry polisher. I was making ten dollars a week. It was a big factory that I worked in, and there were all sorts of workmen in the place. One day a girl polisher who sat next to me said:

"'Do you know how much Max made last week?'

"'No,' I said; 'how much?'

"'He made seventy dollar

"'How?'

"'Setting diamonds.'

"Now I reasoned it out to my satisfaction that, although Max was a clever workman and a good fellow, there could not be a difference, or, rather, there ought not to be a difference, of sixty dollars between his worth and mine, so I determined to become a diamond-setter. I practiced at night in my room setting imitation stones in copper cents. After I got the hang of the tools I answered an advertisement from a manufacturer who wanted a pearl setter. I had never set a pearl. However, I never went back to polishing jewelry.

"This was in the fall of 1889. Stone-setting is paid for by the stone. It is good work while it lasts, but the trade is only profitable in the fall. I used to make forty and fifty dollars a week while the work lasted. When summer came I generally tried to find other employment.

"Then came hard times in earnest. I never had been much of a reader. I had read two books by Dickens, one by Thackeray, one by Stevenson, and almost everything that Kipling had written, but somehow I thought that I could write, so I tried my hand on a poem and found that I could rhyme. Then I translated my poem into prose. The subject, however, was not exactly popular, and I was obliged to sell it to an obscure publication; but it gave me my start, and I made up my mind that rather than go back to the factory or the sea I would take up the trade of writing. My first story of any account was The Survival of the Fittest. I came to write it this way: I had been making my headquarters in the office of James C. Summers, who ran a yachting paper up on Fifth Avenue. He was an old friend of mine, and I used his office as if it were my own. One day Summers said to me:

"'Here's a book you ought to read. It's Kipling's The Devil and the Deep Sea.'

"I read it on my way home. I was living then on Washington Heights, and between the elevated road station and my house I mapped out my story. Kipling had written a story about rough sailormen confronted with difficulties, and there wasn't a woman in it. I knew all about that kind of life—the plot of The Survival had been in my mind for months—and in this walk it assumed tangible form. When I got to the house I sat down at the kitchen table. My wife was washing dishes at the other end of it. The only space I took was that required for my paper, and I never heard the rattle of the dishes or the clatter of the pans I wrote and wrote until I had written eight thousand words. The next day I finished it. It takes me longer to write a story now, and I require more quiet, and a better desk, and lots of things that didn't seem to me essential that night.

"That was my beginning. After that, and during the first year, I wrote at least twenty-five stories, some of which were published in magazines, but most of them sold to newspaper syndicates. It was hard work and unremunerative, but it was good practice. At last, in the spring of 1898, my first book, Spun Yarns, was brought out. During the next eighteen months only three of my stories were accepted. During the last five months of this time I wrote five more stories. I wrote because I couldn't see well enough to go back to the jeweler's bench and I didn't want to return to the sea. Last spring one of my stories was taken, and within the next two months all were sold and I had received in cash one thousand dollars. Then I collapsed.

"As to my method of work? I have none. I keep a notebook which I fill with phrases as I hear them or as they occur to me. I also jot down in this book studies of character and titles of stories. Take the story of The Nuisance. That title was written years ago The central character, John Braisted, is, in a measure, a personal sketch of myself. I have been called a nuisance. I did not know how to wear my clothes when I was a sailor. I carried a pipe, and I was known afar off by the odor of tobacco. It took me three weeks to write the introduction to that story, and more than a month to finish it, but it took twenty years to collect the material for it. Take The Battle of the Monsters. It is the story of a fight between warring bacilli struggling in the veins of a hospital patient for his life. That idea was suggested to me by a newspaper clipping, and I got my facts from reading one of the late scientific works upon bacilli and all that the Encyclopædia Britannica contained upon the subject"

The CLERK who Reads

By William H. Maher

UNDER the more favorable conditions that prevail to-day boys are not compelled to commence a life of work at so early an age as were the boys of a generation ago, and so have more years of school behind them

Whether our present-day system of education is an improvement upon that taught forty years ago in the little red schoolhouse is a debatable question. In my own business experience I find that the graduate of to-day has a little knowledge of a great many things, but is not strongly grounded in the common rules that are absolutely necessary to be well learned and thoroughly understood if he would succeed in a business career.

For instance: A boy of eighteen, during the last year of his course in the high school, applied for a position in a bank where he heard a vacancy existed. To test his knowledge of arithmetic he was given an ordinary example in reduction under cubic measure, but was utterly unable to do it. He was then tested in duodecimals, but he had to give that up. And failing in a third trial, he confessed that it was so long since he had studied arithmetic he had forgotten all the rules

IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD FOUNDATION

The boy of forty years ago was not permitted to forget his rules. Such education as he got was not an end, but a means, and the work in mental and higher arithmetic was so drilled into him and made of such great importance, that when he began the battle of life, even at a tender age, he was provided with a foundation upon which he could build with confidence

Yet the boy of to-day and we boys of a generation ago are alike in this: In having ample opportunities for self-education He who considers that his days for education are ended when he passes out of school has already doomed himself to failure; what little he has learned will soon fly from him.

The great mass of boys count their release from school, at any age, as the end of their slavery, and thenceforward open a book only for relaxation and amusement. One boy in a thousand, leaving school to begin work, says to himself: "I will have to compete by and by with men who have had a college education; I must do all I can to fit myself for the battle" So he goes on with his study, aiming for a definite and distinct purpose, and as the years roll on he finds that the college of books has made him an educated man, abundantly able to meet all competition in his own chosen line.

HE WHO READS, RULES

I know a man who quite early in life adopted for his motto this legend: He who reads, rules. He probably found it in the back part of his dictionary, but it seemed to him as if the practical wisdom of all the ages was speaking to him through these words, and he made them his guiding star. He was taken out of the village school when but twelve years old, put to work in a shop, and such education as he had was confined to the Three R's, and was quite limited even in them

Beginning to read without guide or plan, he continued in that rut for some years, but gradually he began to choose between the wheat and chaff of literature, until his reading was along lines that naturally led to an interest in what was helpful and solid, and formed a superstructure upon which to build better things

At twenty one he had worked his way out of the factory and was a successful salesman in a large wholesale store with a salary far exceeding his earlier dreams. No small part of his success was due to the fact that he was, in the broad sense, an educated man with a fund of knowledge that was practical because it had been well digested. The city library had been his college and the greatest minds of all the ages had been his teachers.

The same day that he went into the factory a schoolmate of the same age went to work in another shop. The two had been in the same classes, were of equal ability, and of about the same standing. The shop boy's family was in better standing than that of the factory lad, and in a position to bring influence to push him upward, so that his future was much brighter than that of the other boy.

But his idea was that when one had worked all day he should devote his evenings to recreation, and reading or study did not come under this head. A day came when a higher position was open to him if he was competent to fill it, but after a trial he had to confess that he was not equal to the demands; he settled down into a common workman and is working at a tinner's bench to-day.

Little things lead to advancement. They seem so trivial that they make no impression at the time, but when one looks back in after years he sees that his steps were turned by some trifling thing, just as a little pebble at the right spot decides the course of a river. A prosperous merchant told me of an incident, seemingly insignificant, that made him what he is.

ADVANCEMENT IN ARITHMETIC

The house he worked for received a direct importation of a large invoice of goods from England. The invoice was made out in pounds, shillings and pence. It contained more than twenty classes of goods, each being subject to a different rate of duty; freight on some was charged by space, and on others by weight. A New York house had paid the duty and freight charges, and had drawn for the amount in a lump sum, and the question was, what was the actual cost in dollars and cents of each item laid down in the store in a Western city.

I am aware that I have used considerable space in giving a proposition which will strike most readers as being very simple, but it so happened that neither of the two principals, nor any one then in the store, could figure out the costs and then prove he was right. My friend was making a trip for the house and the matter was left until his return. He was shown the invoice and draft and asked if he could make a bill, in American money, showing the cost of each item. He had kept up his arithmetic and was able to do what was wanted of him. He said that was the turning-point with him in that store, and from that day his advancement was rapid

Probably most of the business men of to-day can point to some important change in their lives caused by some matter apparently as trifling as this.

I recall a remark that a business man made to me not long ago to the effect that a copy of the Altantic Monthly was the cause of his success. He said that one day, while having a copy of this magazine under his arm, he met the wife of his employer. She seemed a little surprised to see him with such literature and asked if it was a new number. Other questions brought out the fact that he read the magazine. She mentioned the matter to her husband, who took new interest in the clerk, invited him to make use of his library, and later selected him for advancement from among others who were sure they had better claims on the house. From this he went on, and in a few years had gained an interest in the business.

One of the best salesmen I ever met always carried a book with him, and utilized in study (for his books were solid—Darwin, Huxley, Spencer) the hours he had to wait after his day's work was done or when a train was late. He was a pleasant man to meet by reason of his intelligence, and was far more successful in making friends for himself and his house than were scores of salesmen who spent money upon their customers in order to be popular. I was quite prepared to receive last New Year's an announcement from his house that he had been taken into the firm.

A dry-goods dealer who does a business of a million dollars a year and watches every detail himself said to me as he pointed to a bright young man of twenty: "There is my future manager; he is the only one of all that crowd who cares to read our trade paper or who wants to know where things come from and how they're made. He spends half his evenings in the city library, and can tell you about the manufacture of every item in his department."

STUDYING STRIKES IN NOVELS

An English manufacturer was making a tour of this country, visiting houses that had been doing business with him for years, and at one place found the principal temporarily absent. A salesman undertook to entertain him during the few minutes he had to wait, and asked him about the way goods were sold in England and the conditions between employers and workmen there. His questions were so pertinent that the Englishman quite warmed up in conversation, and when the principal came in wanted to continue the subject, but the salesman withdrew as soon as he could do so

A little later the principal came to him saying: "Our English friend is going to stay here over night and wants me to come around and spend the evening with him; he asked me especially to bring you, too" The salesman thought this was mere politeness, or that the visitor had misunderstood that he was simply a clerk, but the principal insisted that he should go with him. They had a pleasant evening, the salesman contributing his share in the conversation, and as he and his employer walked home together the latter asked, with decided interest in his voice, "Where did you pick up so much about English business and workmen?"

"I read about it some time ago, and have often thought about it since

"Where did you read it? I don't remember ever seeing anything of that kind"

"In Trollope's Orley Farm there is a good deal about traveling salesmen, and in Mrs. Burnett's That Lass o' Lowrie's there's all about a strike with workmen."

"Oh!" The employer dropped the subject, but when he parted from his clerk he had more respect for him than ever before Their personal relations were a little closer after that, and had much to do with the salesman's advancement

HIS TRADE PAPER

I was in a hardware store the other day, and noticed several up-to-date innovations that were somewhat out of keeping with my previous knowledge of the proprietor. "How did you happen to think of that?" I asked, pointing to an attractive showcard.

"Oh," said he, laughing, "I didn't think of it at all; that's one of George's hobbies

"That is an excellent hobby," I said, "where did George get the idea?

"Oh, he got it out of his trade paper. Nothing would do but I must get that paper, and now it's George's Bible; he looks up all the new ideas and I let him go ahead"

"Well, they are good ideas; you find they help trade, don't you?"

"Yes, that's so; they're all right; George is a good boy."

I thought as I walked away that George would be a partner there before many years. A clerk who studies his trade paper and avails himself of every hint to gain business will not be a clerk forever.

A traveling salesman was telling me of his experience with a clerk who reads. He said: "I had just taken Mr. B 's order for a nice line of my goods, and good quantities of each size, when his clerk came in. Mr. B. said 'Tom, I am getting a line of ——; see if this is your idea of quantities.' I opened my book and showed Tom the order as I had written it down. He suggested one change which his employer at once ordered to have made, and then Tom asked what the discount was. I said sixty per cent. He left us without a word and went to the desk, turned over some papers for a minute or two, and then brought a trade journal to Mr. B. They looked it over together and Mr B said to me: 'See here, these goods are quoted at sixty-and-five per cent. discount; if you can't give me the bottom price I don't want them.' I had to come down as gracefully as I could, for I wanted the order. That's what we get from these trade journals that quote bottom prices to Tom, Dick and Harry!"

I fancied that I could also hear Mr. B saying to his clerk: "That's right, Tom, post yourself up as to prices, and keep a sharp lookout for the extra five per cent."

WINNOWING THE WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF

But there are clerks who read too much because they read that which does them harm. The blood and thunder novel far outsells the brainy, healthful story. And young clerks seem to be strangely attracted to the poorer work. One will find well-thumbed books of the dime-novel standard in the desk of the shipping clerk, on the private box of the packer, and even in the office man's drawer. The stories are unreal in every respect, and they do harm in giving false pictures of life, and in destroying the reader's taste for better and helpful books. They are not bad in the sense that they lead to crime or uphold dishonesty, but they are bad in making their readers dissatisfied with honest, plodding work, and with the slow progress that is a part of their lives.

The clerk who desires to read intelligently can make no mistake in commencing with books that concern the branch of trade in which he is most interested. If a public library is not at his command he will find such books advertised in his trade paper, and he can better afford to go without some extra bit of clothing than to miss buying the best of these books.

After reading closely and thinking seriously and often upon what he has read digesting it, as it were, and asking all manner of questions about what he has thought of, he should then take up the lines of trade that come into contact with his own line. By and by he will be ready to study about business as a whole, and this will coax him into the field of business biography.

When he has reached that step he has made distinct progress. Studying the lives of men who were strong forces in trade, either in recent times or days not too far removed, he will become more or less imbued with their spirit and principles, and while he is being entertained by the story of their steps to fortune he is also building up his own character.

As a young man stands at the bookstall and takes in his hand a volume upon business by a successful business man, let him say to himself: "If this man were to say to me that if I would call upon him for fifteen or twenty evenings, at my own convenience, he would tell me all the steps that led to his success in life, how gladly I would accept the invitation and how fortunate I would consider myself to be! But in this volume he does that very thing—gives me the ripe result of his experience and observation, permits me to study it at my leisure and to refer to it in the future as often as and whenever I wish." In this light he would quickly start his own little library of text books upon business, and greet with pleasure every new book, providing only that it was the out growth of experience

I am wholly convinced that such a reader and student would find the investment an excellent one in its effect upon his business career, but it would pay far better in the growth of his character, the broadening of his tastes, and the pleasure of associating with the world's best thinkers. In this aspect alone it would give return a million fold

But my object in writing this is to show that it will pay in dollars and cents; a clerk is measured by his intelligence, and now, as in every year since the world began, Knowledge is Power.

Typical Dutch Industry

DUTCHMEN and South African Boers have proved good "copy" for those writers who have traveled in the Netherlands and the Land of Cecil Rhodes. South African books are becoming almost a drug on the market, and the same might also be said of books upon Holland. This is not true of a volume by David S. Meldrum, author of Holland and the Hollanders, in which he treats of the ancestral home of the Boers.

He is a literary adviser to a London publishing house by profession, but a traveler by choice. When he lived in Holland he had many odd experiences, and in one of them he learned to value the plodding industry which is, in part, exhibited by those natives who keep watch on the dikes and canals of the Low Country. He tells this little incident of the Haerlemmer Meer and says it has official foundation

"An area of many acres, with growing things on it, was detached by a river from its place in a lake and driven by winds and storm to the other side. After the tempest had abated, the land settled down as if it had been born there, and started in to grow its plants as had been its custom. The proprietor, however, found himself in a [illegible] position. His land had floated on to water which belonged to his neighbor and for which he would possibly have to pay rent, and it was too hard work to go so far to cultivate it. After much argument he succeeded in getting the Government to have the acres towed back to him, and the queerest part of it all was that the soil yielded a larger harvest than any other of his fields."

Within the LINES

By Clinton Ross

THE Captain woke that morning at first with a lazy contentment. And then he remembered that if he had distinguished himself—if in the cavalry charge he had been first—that two of his comrades would sit no more at his mess. But first, you must notice, a certain pleasurable vanity held him; he saw in his grasp a little bauble of present reputation and promotion.

There followed the reaction of regret. A man who has been in a dozen fights learns to regard, while in action, death as a matter of course, either for himself or his friends. The exhilaration seizes; the blood tingles; and the truth making the Red Badge of Courage accepted is that an ordinary man, after craven fear, suddenly forgets himself. Even gentlemen born to the habit of self respect and self-control have known that verity, from the great Frederick to lesser men.

For Captain Leslie that exultation had not passed. But now, the next morning, as he lay still, regret led on to a sadder mood, to voices far away—beyond hearing; to faces forgotten in the brisk, imperative movement of life. As he lay there Leslie was back in an old sentimental moment, talking with a girl who had jilted him—a case of "calf love"; he could see her eyes, hear her voice. Five years of other faces—of the stir of events.

Even in more serious affairs we mustn't linger a-pining; 'tis life for us. And I would add to Stevenson's lucid phrase, "that impure passion of remorse," that impure passion of regret. Then the John Leslie of the Seventieth, the yesterday, returned; he never should mess with Bill Darlington and Jim Forbes. And suddenly he was wide awake, on his feet—was dashing cold water over his face, dressing, and calling for breakfast. Another day had its claim on him.

"The General, sir, wishes you at once."

The General? A thought of the yesterday brought him the reason in a rush of a pleasurable glow.

"Be seated, Captain," said the General as he entered.

"You've been commended for coolness and firmness, and yesterday—the report runs —' great bravery on Captain Leslie's part '

"I couldn't very well help it," said Leslie; "I was keyed up to it, you know."

"A modest answer encourages praise," quoth the General with a smile. "But it will be in my own report. That's not why I have sent for you. I have—hum—a duty."

"Yes, sir," said Leslie, suddenly sobering.

"Success but leads to more effort—your capability is recognized; reliance is put on you."

The General sat reflecting, tapping the little map laden table with his knuckles.

"We have pushed well into their lines," he said, after a moment. "They didn't expect us so far down. Ten miles from here the families are still in their houses. They'll be running fast enough, to be sure. Well, study this map. Follow that road, Captain, d'ye see, along the river—ten miles, isn't it? Yes, ten. Now, at the forks turn due west. You pass a village there, eh—what's its name? No matter, a blacksmith's at the next turn. Then—let me see—seventeen miles; 'tis the road to the left—there, twenty-one miles; and there you turn from the turnpike into private grounds—twenty-two miles to the house. Now there's another way," the General went on, explaining details. "One with twenty troopers might sweep into that quiet country; he suddenly might find himself in a mess; he might fall in with a detachment; he might come back—he and his twenty men—I think that's a sufficient number. To make the story short, I want to find the man who will go there and search that house, and bring away somebody whom a spy has reported to be there. It isn't an order, you understand, but a suggestion. I don't ask a man to risk his life, or his chance of further service, but—it would please me to catch that fox, who doesn't fancy we would dare venture there—if unexpectedly we have reached so far down into the heart of his country."

The Captain smiled.

"I don't overlook the suggestion," he said.

"Study the map. Choose your twenty men. Colonel Moore will help you. I am obliged, Captain."

"And we may or may not find him?" Leslie said.

"Well, if he's flown, you will have dared, that's all. He's there to get his family away."

"Well?" said the Captain.

The General hesitated, and then:

"The man who of all others has most interfered with this march—Dorston, man; Dorston!"

Leslie paled, and a lump was in his throat.

"Dorston," he said faintly; "not that man."

To the General, keen observer as he was, the exclamation was but one of surprise at the daring cleverness of his idea; Dorston who had harassed and bothered them; Dorston to be seized in his fancied security. The movement of the General's division had been so rapid that even yet the enemy failed to understand its significance; that the advance was in the very heart of their country.

But Leslie, standing there, understood that he had committed himself to arrest the brother of the girl he had been thinking of that morning. He had known Philip Dorston in those other days; as he stood there before the General he had a picture of the old friend whom he hardly associated with that daring cavalry leader who had harassed every rod of the advance. And it was easy to refuse, to say that he had changed his mind. But what would the General say to him then? He would fancy that John Leslie was a coward. But why not confess to the General at once that he knew those Dorstons? But that equally would be a confession of weakness. This was a struggle in which friend was put against friend. How many would avoid duty by the same excuse!

"Now, I suppose, sir," he said at last.

"Yes, now, Captain."

"Very well," said Leslie; "now it shall be."

"Good luck to you, Captain."

A half hour later Leslie and his twenty troopers swung out of camp. And as they covered the miles he said to himself, "What a beastly thing is this war!" and again, "What a beastly thing!" And yet he had been a man to whom his profession was all. He began to analyze his feelings. It was not, he was sure, any of the old sentiment about Nell Dorston. Why, he had forgotten her long ago. He really had been refused once since; and he had settled down to the philosophy that "the girls you want to marry you can't marry; the girls you can marry you don't want to," and then he thought he had found he didn't want to marry either very much, two months afterward. But oddly this morning he had wakened thinking of Nell Dorston. That was not queer when he was on this mission. The old sentiment, if it existed, hadn't kept him from regarding Philip Dorston as simply the bold cavalry leader—nothing more nor less. Well, it was rather bad to be sent to the very house of these old acquaintances on such an errand. Eh, in civil war how many fellows would refuse duties if such considerations should be paramount!

For a moment they stood there

The march was dangerous for the little troop, but the luck of the daring helped them. They followed the road along the river in a deserted countryside. After they had turned due west at the forks, the people yet were only moving in their sudden scare. As they rattled through the village, blanched faces—women's and children's—stared after them. What were they after?—the foe! Was it not enough that men from that countryside were dead on many fields; should war reach by this sudden march even to their hearths? At the blacksmith's an old bent man came out and cursed them, and his senile oaths followed them down the long western slopes and faded into the woods. And then they came out in the open, and in the grounds they sought, with the white glimmer of the house between the gre—

"Dismount!"

The order followed to separate and surround the house. Leslie walked up a gravel path. A woman came to the door and shaded her eyes with her hand, a frightened look on her face.

"I beg pardon," said Captain Leslie, following her inside.

"Oh!" she cried.

"I am sorry," said he.

"We heard the guns, but we didn't think that you would push on so far." She recognized him. "Why, it's Jack Leslie!"

"I'm awfully sorry," said he. "How d'ye do, Miss Dorston? We haven't met in five years——"

"No; not in five years. What do these men mean?"

"Hem—well—— Oh, you know—I want to apologize."

"You are on our land," she said.

"I know it; I know it. It's my order," he added.

"Well? Are you going to camp here? You may not stay very long," she added, with a fearless flash.

"What a spirit you have! How pretty you are! I almost wish I weren't on the other side.

"I see you haven't forgotten compliments," she said with a faint smile; but her eyes—and they were very bright—wandered restlessly.

"Oh, bother!" he said. "I do hate myself. I do hate myself and this duty."

"Why, Captain Leslie, I see you are [illegible]"

His voice sank to a whisper.

"I am here, Miss Dorston, to arrest your brother."

For a moment he heard from the fields the hum of the midsummer afternoon.

"I should think," she began coldly, "that you could have let a stranger do this."

"It was my order," he said doggedly.

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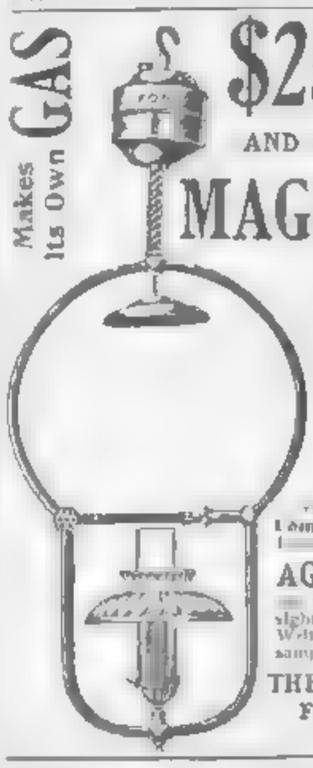

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She looked at him for a moment. Did he hold it against her that once she had jilted him? And then she put the thought away. She was an observant young woman. His face was too frank, too honest; and with a certain pique she thought she saw that she had been forgotten.

"He isn't here," she said.

"I must search the house," he said.

"You dare?" she cried; "you dare!"

"I must fulfill my order."

"You sha'n't pass this door," she said, "unless you're a brute. I won't stir. I tell you he isn't——"

"You have told me that he is," he said.

DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS

"My wrist was broken, and I left three men in the road by the river, but I have the prisoner"

"I haven't! I haven't!" she cried.

He turned back to the outer door and his men when her voice reached him:

"Your men are on every side."

"On every side, Miss Dorston."

"You must do this?" she said. "You must?"

And what's in a mood? What's in a forgotten sentiment? What's in duty? What's in love? If you were there *you* never would have been weak. You despise Leslie for this very weakness. And yet he had been ever the efficient officer; the strong man!

"You have but to give me your word, Miss Dorston."

He knew she would tell any lie to save Philip Dorston; he knew it was a case of unacceptable evidence; he knew that he courted disgrace, and deserved it.

The girl looked at him out of her tears. He looked down at the carpet.

"I give it," she said at last faintly; "he isn't here."

"I will withdraw my men. I am sorry to have bothered you."

"You have taken my word," she said. "Will that be sufficient for you when you report?"

"It will be sufficient for me," he said brusquely.

"You may need something to eat."

"We will eat later, thank you," he said. "I dare not risk my men any longer."

"You have taken a great risk in coming here. You may be caught——"

"I knew the risk," he said.

"I thank you so much," the girl went on; "so much."

"Why?" he asked. "Why?"

"For taking——"

But at the voice a tall, boyish figure was outlined in a doorway, and a voice said:

"Captain Leslie, my sister was mistaken."

"Phil," she cried, "Phil—how can you, how can you?"

"Do you suppose I could let him suffer, and you perjure yourself?" Dorston said quietly. "I heard it all. It was like breaking a parole—a word of honor. We can't afford to do this—whatever happens. Captain Leslie would be court-martialed for this."

"You must take him," said the girl, turning. She walked down to his side.

Turning to his prisoner, Leslie said:

"I shall be lucky if I get away with you at all. We must start at once."

"You will be lucky," Dorston acknowledged.

Leslie left the two together for a few moments while he went outside and gave the order to mount.

"Now, Colonel Dorston," he called.

Without a word Dorston turned from his sister, went outside, and down the path.

"One word to you, Captain Leslie," she called.

"Yes," Leslie answered, going up the path to her.

"I thank you so much," she said, "so much. What was my word—to his being made prisoner?" she added. "Can you forgive me?"

"Why, of course. I knew," he said.

"You knew, and you accepted it. And why?"

He came nearer, while the troop waited.

"I have been a fool," he said, "all these years. I have been deceiving myself." His voice rose fiercely, as if accusing her. But through tears a faint smile gathered on her lips.

"I love you—now, Jack Leslie."

"You mean that? You can't mean it," he said, taking her hand. "You can't mean it."

"I have said I love you," she said softly.

"Nor shall difference of opinion nor war keep us apart?" he said.

"Nor shall war nor difference of opinion keep us apart," she said in a low voice.

For a moment they stood there. Then he turned down the path.

"Mount," came the order.

To the General at midnight Captain Leslie entered.

"Your arm is tied up!"

"My wrist was broken, and I left three men in the road by the river, but I have the prisoner."

Mr. Hornung and the Maori Wizard

ERNEST WILLIAM HORNUNG, brother-in-law of Dr. Conan Doyle and the writer of burglar stories, has just enough superstition in his nature to make a mystery seem real to him. He was born in Middlesborough, England, in the late sixties, and was educated at Uppingham School. In 1884 he went to Australia, where he stayed two years and got plots for many of his most lively novels. While in the land of the Southern Cross he called upon an old Maori fortune-teller.

"What do you think I'm going to be?" he asked.

"You're going to be a millionaire miner and rancher," was the reply.

"Then I might as well give up," said Hornung, "for I'd made up my mind to be a story-writer."

But he didn't give up, and he heard so many stirring tales and saw so many exciting things that he took up the pen as a relief and by so doing won his spurs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Midwinter

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The Midwinter Fiction Number of the Post will surpass all previous special issues in the excellence and variety of its short stories, the interest of its special articles, and the attractiveness of its make-up. It will have thirty-two pages of reading matter, a beautiful colored cover, after a painting by George Gibbs, and illustrations by the best artists in the country.

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The leading story in the Midwinter Fiction Number—in title *La Lettre d' Amour*—is by Richard Harding Davis. It has been superbly illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. The scene is laid in London—in the Savoy Restaurant—and the characters are a beautiful American girl and her two admirers: one, a wealthy young Harvard man—who has followed her across Europe; the other, a musician in the Hungarian Orchestra. This is one of the strongest stories Mr. Davis has yet written.

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Midwinter Features of the Post

S. R. CROCKETT
The author of The Raiders has written for the Post a dashing story of love and fighting on the Scottish border in the days of the Pretender. The tale is in four parts, the first of which will appear in the Post of February 3.
The Fitting of the Peats

MAJ. JAS. B. POND
The veteran lecture manager contributes to the Post two charming papers on the personal side of Henry Ward Beecher, who was long his intimate friend and traveling companion.
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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

On the Future of His People *

DOCTOR WASHINGTON may be considered, in relation to education, as the prophet of the practical. For instance, the volume before us indulges in no flights of fancy, no gilded speculations about the condition of the American negro generations hence; indeed, the author frankly dismisses the question as one that does not now much concern him. Though he is hopeful of his race, and believes in the ultimate triumph of the forces of progress which in the end make for justice, the future of the negro which he discusses is that of to-morrow, as growing out of the conditions of yesterday and to-day; and as he believes in getting the foundations of an argument, as well as of an education, properly laid, he gives to the present a large part of his attention.

This volume is chiefly devoted to Mr. Washington's theory of the industrial education of the negro, and is a logical and forceful presentation of the views he has so long endeavored to propagate, and has carried out with such marked success at Tuskegee. The magnitude and seriousness of the problem confronting the South—for it is chiefly in its Southern aspects that Mr. Washington discusses the future of the negro—are clearly perceived by the author. Being a diplomatist as well as a philosopher, he does not dwell unduly upon race prejudice, which is the most obvious and to some minds the most serious feature of the negro problem. The point he emphasizes is that the low esteem in which the colored race is held is largely due to the negro's poverty, his ignorance of the immediate means to overcome it, and his lack of thrift and enterprise. Making due allowance for discouraging conditions, he sees in the negro a great amount of undeveloped energy, which, if wisely directed along the lines of most obvious need and of least resistance, will vastly simplify the problem of his elevation. In industrial education, carried on side by side with mental training, and perhaps given for a time the greater emphasis, Mr. Washington finds the entering wedge by which his people can work their way into the body politic in a higher sense than they have hitherto been able to do.

A very casual perusal of this volume will convince the thoughtful reader that there is much in it that will apply, with almost equal force, to the white people of the South as well as to the black, and, in some measure, as well to the North as to the South. The overcrowding of the learned professions; the "stepping-stone" system of never learning to do anything thoroughly, because you are always expecting to have something better to do very soon; the lack of scientific agricultural training; the need of trades' schools to replace the old and moribund apprenticeship system and offset the tyranny of trades' unions—are not confined to the Afro-American people. If Mr. Washington, with his system of education, can get the masses of his race started in life on a broad industrial foundation, with ample room for the upward development of those who have ability and opportunity for yet higher things, he will do them a great service. If, in addition, his views, so clearly set forth in this well-written book, receive proper recognition as an important contribution to the general subject of popular education, Doctor Washington will have conferred a benefit upon the people of the entire country.

The book is in all respects worthy the attention of thoughtful minds, and is sure to be widely read. —*Charles W. Chesnutt.*

* The Future of the American Negro. By Dr. Booker T. Washington. *Small, Maynard & Co., Incorporated.*

The Black Wolf's Breed *

MR. DICKSON would write a capital story of adventure if he would strive a little harder after vraisemblance, and lay on his horrors with a lighter hand. Not that horrors are objectionable in themselves, but they should have a historical basis in historical fiction. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was an act of unjustifiable harshness as well as a grave political error; but it did not give free rein to cruelty and license. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew was terrible enough in sober truth without adding to it every appalling incident that an active fancy can conjure.

The hero of The Black Wolf's Breed is a young soldier of Louisiana, Captain de Mouret, whom Bienville sends on a secret mission to Versailles, and who enjoys, before he goes home again, as many encounters and hairbreadth escapes as ever fell to even a hero's lot. Conspiracies, duels, murders, treasonable dispatches which are lost or stolen and get everybody into hot water, adventures with ladies of royal blood who visit dangerous gambling-dens disguised as cavaliers, and then say composedly, "My lord, you must protect me; it would be the scandal of France were I discovered in such a place"—all these things, and many more, keep the reader going at a breakneck pace from the first page to the last.

De Mouret is a lad of mettle. He has an audience with Louis the Fourteenth the day after his arrival at Versailles, and, in nowise abashed by royalty, makes a speech two pages long, and of a distinctly reproachful character. "Hast thou forgotten," he asks the polite Monarch, "that wounded lad who lived to save the King in other fields? Dost thou remember his name? Let me remind you, sire, that lad was Bienville de la Chaise, your loyal Governor of Louisiana."

Was the great Louis really hectored in this way by young Captains of Colonial Guards? If so, he has been basely misjudged by those who called him proud.

A Romance of Old Venice †

THE Signors of the Night is an engaging title, pleasantly suggestive of mystery and deeds of darkness. Mr. Max Pemberton has given it to a fantastic medley of tales in which tragedy, comedy and melodrama meet and mingle, and which have for their common background a Venice strangely unlike the proud, sombre and deeply religious Republic known to historians.

In Mr. Pemberton's Venice life is amusing but insecure. Assassination is the leading industry, and gentlemen with daggers in their hearts are found lying around in the most unlikely places, to the infinite annoyance of their friends. There are also conspirators in great abundance who glide about in ghostly gondolas, and take mysterious papers out of tombs at midnight, and drink deep drafts of "the golden wine of Cyprus" in company with ladies of unearthly beauty but painfully irregular behavior. Then there is a bandit, known as the Wolf of Cismon, who throws Claude Duval and Jack Sheppard permanently into the shade; and a dancing girl who figures in most of the stories because it is her duty in life to overhear conspiracies and "save Venice," which she does on several occasions very modestly and sweetly, and in return for which benefit the grateful city sends her to day-school to learn her letters, and gives her her choice of the conspirators for a husband. Above all, there is a wonderful soldier-monk, called by the many Fra Giovanni, and by the few the Prince of Iseo, who combines within himself the qualities of Richelieu, Haroun-al-Raschid and Sherlock Holmes. This personage makes his way into splendid palaces at supper-time, and tells the guests they must be banished or beheaded by morning. He defeats all the conspiracies which Nina overhears, and some fresh ones besides. He has but to lift his cowl to see men fall trembling on their knees. He rules the rulers of Venice, and assigns life and death at his pleasure. Yet with all these pressing cares he finds time to plan huge practical jokes of the robust order common in boys' schools, in carrying out which jokes the Venetian officials—who seem to have been a jolly, mirth-loving set of men—lend him a helping hand.

Perhaps the illustrations of Mr. Pemberton's book are also intended as a jest. For why else should the bandit look like a Puritan apprentice, and the conspirators like Benjamin Franklin and William Penn?

—*Agnes Repplier.*

* The Signors of the Night. By Max Pemberton. *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

Some Recent Humor

OF MAKING funny books there is no end, and this season's crop of humor is satisfactory both in quality and quantity. Oliver Herford gives us two volumes which have greater pretensions to continuity than anything his butterfly genius has hitherto turned out. Perhaps the more attractive is the Alphabet of Celebrities;* and the funniest page of this is the one which shows

> "Rubenstein playing that old thing in F,
> To Rollo and Rembrandt, who wish they were deaf."

Another funny one is about

> "Lafontaine, who finds he's unable
> To interest Luther and Liszt in his fable
> While Lole continues to dance on the table."

In his Child's Primer of Natural History† Mr. Herford says funny things with a straight face, which is, of course, the most taking form of wit. We quote Some Geese as being a true bit of humor and also a humorous bit of truth.

> "Ev-er-y child who has the use
> Of his sen-ses knows a goose.
> See them un-der-neath the tree
> Gath-er round the goose-girl's knee,
> While she reads them by the hour
> From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er.
> How pa-tient-ly the geese at-tend!
> But do they re-al-ly com-pre-hend
> What Scho-pen-hau-er's driving at?
> Oh, not at all; but what of that?
> Neither do I; neither does she;
> And for that mat-ter, nor does he."

Another of our younger humorists is Mr. Gelett Burgess, who also has had two new books appear recently. One of these is called The Lively City o' Ligg,‡ and is a series of stories previously printed in a periodical which describe the antics of a number of inanimate objects. Mr. Burgess' humor has a magic touch which invests everything with a personality, and even a humanity, and we resent, with the chairs and sofas, the indignities that are offered to them. Perhaps one of the Ligg inhabitants strayed into Mr. Burgess' other book, A Nonsense Almanack,‖ for in this calendar of absurdities we find a

> ". . . gaudy Pseudo-Chair
> A most Upholsterrific Blunder;
> It doesn't Wonder Why it's There,
> We don't Encourage it to Wonder."

—*Carolyn Wells.*

* An Alphabet of Celebrities. By Oliver Herford. *Small, Maynard & Co., Incorporated.*

† A Child's Primer of Natural History. By Oliver Herford. *R. H. Russell.*

‡ The Lively City o' Ligg. By Gelett Burgess.

‖ A Nonsense Almanack. By Gelett Burgess. *F. A. Stokes Company.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

MR. T. JENKINS HAINS' latest sea yarn is the diary of a consumptive English baronet who goes to sea for his health. He ships in three cruises, meets with as much whiskey and adventure as the reader could decently expect, and finally founders in the Pharos with all hands. His papers, published under the title of The Wreck of the Conemaugh, are picked up at sea. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

Dishonesty and what it breeds is the story of Judge Ebridge. Not that Mr. Opie Read makes the Judge dishonest; on the contrary, he pardons and reinstates in his trust and affection the man who has wronged him most. Judge Ebridge is a book with a moral, and forgiveness even more than honesty is that moral. *Rand, McNally & Co.*

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The King's Colors seem to be winning favor in the fiction of to-day. Jeanie Gould Lincoln swells the list with her last romance. The brilliance of Carolina in Colonial days lends an attractive background to figures, yet remembered, who fought for the hand of A Pretty Tory. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

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Law and How to Keep Out of It, by Paschal H. Coggins, is the original title of one of a series of popular little handbooks. Others are, A Dictionary of Mythology, by John H. Bechter; Dancing, by Marguerite Wilson; and Practical Palmistry, by Henry Frith. The aim of the editors is to afford ready reference in compact yet comprehensive form and agreeable presentment. *The Penn Publishing Company.*

Mr. Frank Stockton's whimsical humor will assert itself. In The Young Master of Hyson Hall, a story for boys, the tables are turned, and it is the guardian and uncle who runs away, and the boy who stays at home. Follows the narrative of the new responsibilities and adventures of dutiful Phil and his chum, Chap Webster, a youngster with what Mr. Stockton calls a "buckwheat-cake face." *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

Personally, we are not convinced of the soundness of the mongrel theory, but Bruno was an exception. In a short biography bearing his name, Byrd Whitman Dewey follows with loving care his endearing traits. He was amiable and intelligent, watchful and sympathetic, but like most generous natures, prone to the influence of evil company—and he would chew shoes in the house. *Little, Brown & Co.*

Literary Hearthstones is the happy designation of a series of attractive studies of the characters and home lives of certain persons, famous in the judgment of the people, which have to do with what they were rather than with what they did. The series is from the pen of Marion Harland, who has brought to the task a real liking and a sympathetic enthusiasm. William Cowper and Charlotte Brontë are the subjects of the first two sketches. Other volumes are in preparation. *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

In Child Life in Colonial Days, Miss Alice Morse Earle throws a most interesting sidelight on the formative influences of American history—by which let it not be understood that anything is detracted from the normal interest that always attaches to children as children. Miss Earle describes what they wore, what they studied, how they played, and what discipline was meted out to them. *The Macmillan Company.*

In The Martial Graves of Our Fallen Heroes in Santiago de Cuba, Dr. Henry C. McCook, Chaplain of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, U. S. A., has fixed and described the graves of all who fell in the late Spanish War. It is Doctor McCook's belief, as worded in his preface, that to him who has died in her behalf, Liberty owes it "through the eternal age to bid his memory live." The book has been sent to the nearest kin of every one who fell near Santiago. *George W. Jacobs & Co.*

Any book bearing A Village Conquest for title is under a disadvantage these days—we have been so overburdened by the admirers and imitators of Miss Wilkins—but I. T. Thurston at least finds a different meaning in country life. The world is not quite crushed flat with hopelessness, nor wholly hardened by rigid, bare necessity; unselfishness and endeavor meet with their reward. *A. L. Bradley & Co.*

NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

Chinese Credulity.—Arthur H. Smith, whose recently published book upon village life in China is a companion volume to his Chinese Characteristics, is an American missionary stationed at Pang Chwang, not far from Tien-Tsin in Shangtung. He is far removed from Western civilization, and in the course of his long career has become so familiar with Chinese life as to be regarded an authority equal even to Bishop Williams. He has a strong love for literary work, and has contributed frequently to the press. He has a quick eye for the dramatic and humorous side of life, which he utilizes in embellishing his writings as well as in spicing his conversation. He tells many stories of the confusion produced in the Chinese intellect by the increasing pressure of Occidental civilization. He once allowed some Chinese friends to run over some humorous illustrated papers. They did so with deep interest, but manifested surprise rather than amusement. The following week, when he was at a party given by the natives, he was entreated to give a full description of the Western barbarians who had wings and lived in trees. He denied the existence of such creatures, and after a long argument ascertained that the fantastic notion had been started by a political cartoon in which a number of leading statesmen had been depicted as birds sitting in the branches of an oak.

Doctor Jordan's New Departure.—When David Starr Jordan was professor of natural history in an Indiana college, early in the seventies, very few persons thought that he would reach the fame he has since attained. From Indianapolis he went to another Hoosier college, and thence into the Government service in the Fisheries Department. He soon became the foremost authority on fresh-water fish in America, and then he won the Presidency of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University. Now he appears as the author of a book for children entitled The Book of Knight and Barbara. The stories that make up the volume were first told by Doctor Jordan to his children. Afterward his own and other people's children illustrated them. Then the stories and the pictures were gathered together and published.

Mr. Swinburne's Latest Eccentricity.—The success of Mr. Swinburne's new dramatic poem, Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards, which has just been published in New York, brings that eccentric but talented poet prominently before the public eye. The present volume is his thirty-sixth, and the title is significantly like that of his first publication, The Queen Mother and Rosamond, brought out in 1861. More extraordinary tales are told of Mr. Swinburne than of any other modern author, nearly all being marked by an erratic genius of the first order. A recent one, however, throws new light upon his character.

A young gentlewoman in reduced circumstances came to London to better her fortune. She had considerable literary skill, and tried hard to market a poem of more than mediocre merit. Her endeavors were unsuccessful, and finally, in a spirit of desperation, she called upon Mr. Swinburne. He heard her patiently, took her name and address, and promised to write to her within a few days. When she had left he looked at her manuscript, and, finding it of some worth, took his pen and revised and embellished it with a master hand. When he had completed the task he carried it to a publisher, and did not leave the latter until the poem was accepted and a check dispatched to the struggling author.

The news of his kindness reached the ears of a friend, who congratulated him. He shrugged his shoulders and replied:

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The Humor of the House of Commons

By JUSTIN McCARTHY

DURING the course of the American Civil War, John Bright, it will be recalled, was a thorough and unflinching champion of the Northern cause. Lord Palmerston, during one debate which had to do with the bearing of the English Government toward the Federal States, tried to turn off with light contempt the warnings uttered by some speakers about the possibility of a war between England and America. In the course of his speech he talked jauntily of the harm which might be done to the North by a British fleet on one of the Great Lakes. "The noble Lord," said Bright in his reply, "has been in such a hurry for naval invasion that he has forgotten to take into calculation the difficulty presented by the Falls of Niagara."

JOHN BRIGHT AND THE LITTLE CUR-DOG

Bright was very happy once in describing a certain small party of Liberal renegades who deserted Gladstone more than thirty years ago because of his first great effort to enfranchise the working classes. The party was very small, but exceedingly mischievous, for it included two or three men of great talent and great bitterness. Bright in his speech made allusion to this little group of apostates and to the fact that nobody seemed to be quite clear as to who was its actual leader, and he sent the House into shouts of laughter by likening the party to a Scotch terrier he once had, which was so small and so shaggy that it was almost impossible to tell which was its head and which was its tail.

"He is a self-made man," Bright once said of Disraeli, "and we must all admit that he worships his maker."

A MISAPPREHENSION OF GLADSTONE

Gladstone was not generally regarded as a master of sarcasm or as one who was always ready with a jocose repartee, but I think the truth is that the rush of his eloquence and the brilliant boldness of his statesmanship diverted public attention a good deal from some of his lighter gifts. Certain it is that there was in him a deep vein of ready Northern humor which occasionally amused and delighted the House of Commons. There was a member of the House of Commons who was very fond of making speeches, had great fluency, and a self-conceit so supreme that it would urge him into argument with the greatest financier, the greatest lawyer, or the greatest soldier in the House, challenging each on his own special subject. During an important debate many years ago this orator sprang to his feet several times, but was unable, as the parliamentary phrase goes, to catch the Speaker's eye, and had therefore each time to resume his seat.

A CASE OF INTELLECTUAL COLIC

The night wore on and at length Mr. Gladstone, who was then at the head of the Government, arose and proceeded to wind up the debate. The member of whom I have spoken saw that his chance of obtaining a hearing for that night had gone, and was beside himself with disappointment and anger. He began interrupting Gladstone with questions and interjected comments, and he kept on doing this in an unmannerly way. The House resounded with cries of "Order!" "Order!"

Gladstone paused for a moment in the course of his argument and, looking toward the author of the interruptions, blandly said: "I think we must make some allowance for the Honorable Member, because we cannot help knowing that he is suffering from the pangs of over-retention."

A RENEGADE BROUGHT TO THE MARK

The once famous Haliburton, author of Sam Slick, was for some years a member of the House of Commons. One night Haliburton made an elaborate attack upon the policy of the Government, and was especially severe on one of its younger members who, he said, had made a speech which contained not argument but caricature, and the House of Commons, he pompously declared, was not a place for the caricaturist.

When the time arrived for Gladstone to make his reply, he came, in the course of his speech, to deal very briefly with what Haliburton had said. "Wonders will never cease," he declared, "and this truth has been brought home once again to me, for here is the author of Sam Slick declaring that the House of Commons is no place for a caricaturist, although he himself has found a place here, and will not, we must all hope, renounce the gift that has brought him fame."

CLASSIC WIT AND CELTIC HUMOR

The late Sir Robert Peel—I do not mean the great Sir Robert Peel, but his son, who has been many years dead—used to make good jokes sometimes. During a debate on some of the earlier workings of the Volunteer movement in England, it suited his humor to throw ridicule on certain of those who were mainly instrumental in promoting the organization. One learned and eminent lawyer, who had become the chief officer in a regiment of volunteers, especially moved his mirth. There were dangers, he argued, in those field-days of volunteers, no one could tell what accidents might not happen, "and my advice to the honorable and learned gentleman would be *in medio tutissimus ibis*—you will get along much more safely in the Middle Temple," the recognized home of staid and steady-going lawyers in London.

One of the Irish law officers of a former Liberal Government, who was afterward raised to the bench of justice and became Baron Dowse, used to amuse the House very much by his rattling Irish humor. During a debate many years ago on one of the schemes for the admission of women to the learned professions, Dowse delivered a characteristic speech.

"I don't deny," he said in the course of it, "that there may be some truth in the assertion that some of our Judges are old women, but I do not think that is sufficient reason why every old woman should try to become a Judge."

AN UNFORTUNATE CHOICE OF PLATFORMS

A good deal of ready humor is sometimes displayed in the House of Commons when a member wishes to say something offensive and yet is anxious to escape being interrupted and called to order by the Speaker. An Irish member of a former day was once making an attack upon one of the ministers who had just delivered a somewhat provocative speech.

"The Right Honorable gentleman," said the Irish member, "is full of big words when he lectures us from the Treasury bench, as every cock crows loudest on his own—homestead, Mr. Speaker," he added quickly, when he saw that the eyes of the Speaker were turned menacingly toward him in anticipation of a less decorous expression.

I think with this anecdote I may bring to a close my illustrations of the humor occasionally displayed in the House of Commons.

Editor's Note—This is the second and last article on The Humor of the House of Commons, by Justin McCarthy.

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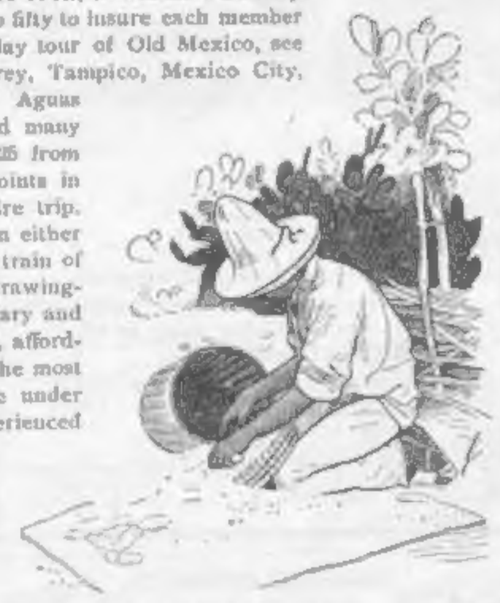

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